JOHN BULL, MAY 2, 1925 *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.* Postage in U.K. or Abroad, 1d.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXVII. No. 987. SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1925. TWOPENCE.

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER
THE BEST IN THE WORLD

C.I.D. SPIES by "CENSOR"

1000 Prizes for CROSS-WORDS — see page 34

IF IT HAD BEEN MY BUDGET

BY THE Rt. HON.

PHILIP SNOWDEN M.P.

(ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer)

Almost afraid to eat anything!

There are many people such martyrs to indigestion that it is not surprising to hear them exclaim that they are "almost afraid to eat anything." Nothing can be more agonising than indigestion, and it is not merely physical pain. The habitual sufferer from indigestion knows only too well the helplessness which accompanies a bad attack. 'Bisurated' Magnesia relieves indigestion *instantly* by neutralising the harmful acid and preventing fermentation, the two chief causes of all digestive troubles. Furthermore, 'Bisurated' Magnesia heals and protects the inflamed stomach lining, tones up the system and enables all food to be eaten and enjoyed without any after-suffering. Recommended by doctors and hospitals as the quickest, safest and surest cure for indigestion and all kindred complaints.

'BISURATED' MAGNESIA

The World's Greatest Remedy for Indigestion

IN POWDER
More suitable for family use in the home
1/3 & 3/-

EVERY CHEMIST SELLS IT.

IN TABLETS
Flasks, handy for the pocket or handbag
1/3 & 2/6

GRAVES
WORLD'S BEST CYCLE.

World's Best Value.
Every component part of guaranteed excellence.
HANS RENOLD CHAIN; BRAMPTON'S HUBS; B.S.A. FREE WHEEL; BOWDEN BRAKES; SPIRAL SPRING SADDLE; HUTCHINSON'S EXTRA PARA SUPER CORD TYRES; DUNLOP WESTWOOD RIMS; £8:10:0
Lady's Model same price
Terms:- 10/- with order, and balance 10/- monthly. Money back if in any way disappointed.
10 Years Warranty
Catalogue Post Free.
J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

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"THE ODDS ARE AGAINST YOU."

Are you prepared to ruin your health, perhaps for life? Are you prepared to risk breaking up your home, perhaps to infect your partner in marriage, and bring in to the world children who become blind or die early?

A man or woman who leads an unchaste life is practically certain to contract Venereal Disease sooner or later. Often a person is infected the first time a risk is taken.

If you desire information on this subject, write to the Hon. Medical Secretary, N.C.C.V.D., 102P, Dean Street, Oxford Street, London, W.1, and his advice will be available free at this address on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, from 12.30 to 2 p.m., and on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 5 to 7 p.m. No examination or treatment will be undertaken at these offices.

Write for five useful booklets for Parents, 1/4 the set; seven useful booklets for Young Men, 1/5 the set; six useful booklets for Girls, 1/4 the set all post free, in plain cover.

ONLY 1/- NOW.

ALL SIZES.

SEND 1/-

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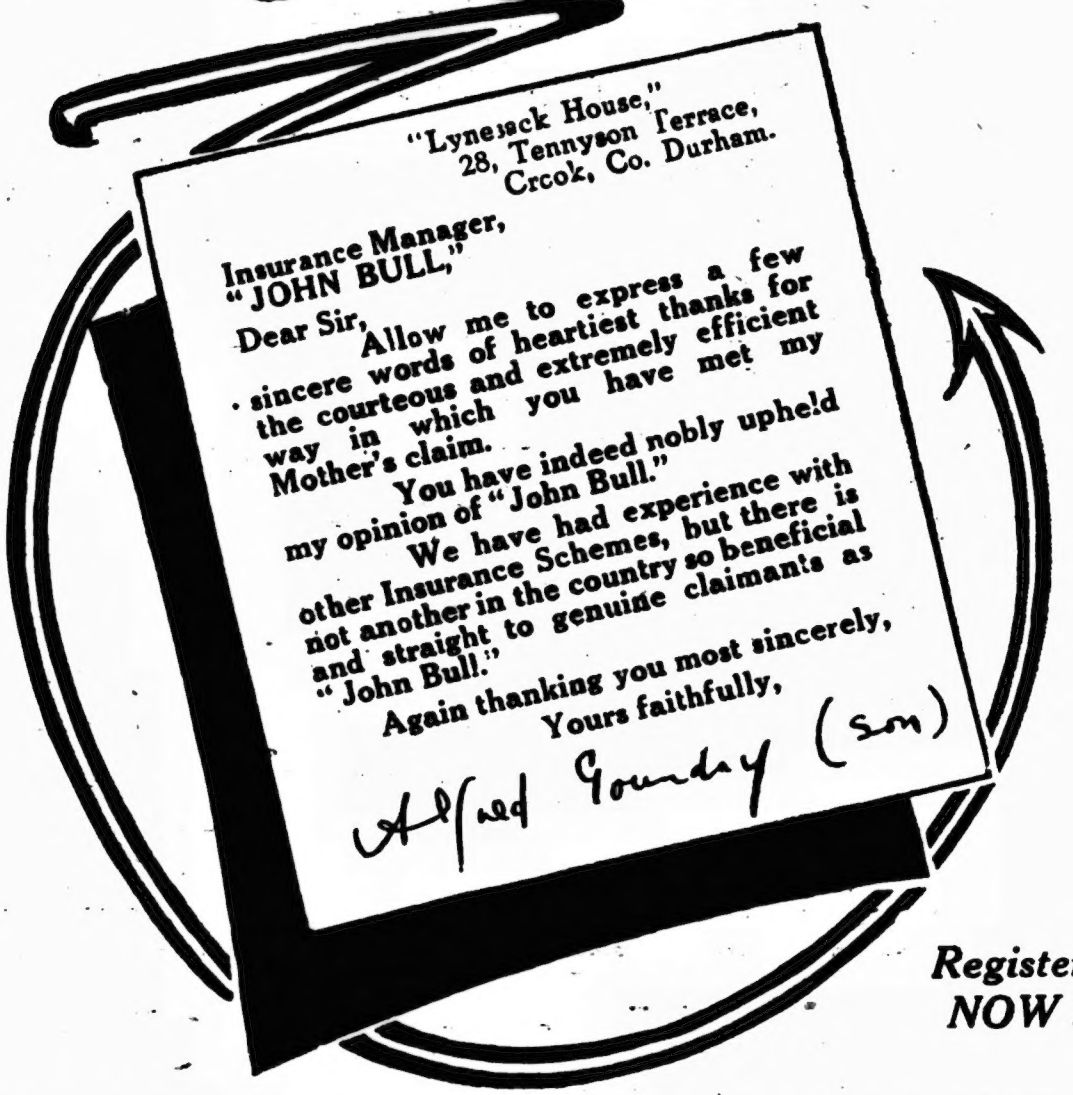
which places within your means Masters' guaranteed all-leather famous 'Coalcan' Boots (tan or Black), extra thick soles, leather lined and built for hard wear, a boot which will satisfy the most particular, now offered on these extraordinary easy terms that everybody can afford to pay, and you have a boot that looks good, is really good, and wear guaranteed. Price only 25/-, on simple easy terms to accepted orders 1/- deposit now 2/- in ten days, and 3/- monthly, and you have the boots to wear while paying your monthly instalments. Send 1/- now (P.O. or stamps) and say what size we shall send you. Full satisfaction or deposit returned.

1/- TO-DAY

Ladies' Shoes same terms as above, 1/- only deposit (P.O. or stamps). Glace kid or Tan Calcan as illustrated, or one for patent leather, nigger suede or tan willow, price 25/- easy terms. Send 1/- and say which kind we shall send you.
GENTS' SUITS 8/- monthly. Write for Free Patterns.

MASTERS **Ltd., 83, Hope Stores, RYE.**

An open letter to JOHN BULL



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To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name.....Age....
in full (CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address.....

.....

Reader's Signature.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

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Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent on receipt of ½d. stamped addressed envelope.

J.B. 2/5/25.

CUT HERE.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address.....

Date .....

J.B.

Cash the Coupons—John Bull's Wonderful Offer

See What You Get!

The 5/- "John Bull" Lever Self-Filling Pen, admittedly worth 10/6.
A 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil FREE. Our usual price - - -

This Little Chap Knows What's Good

Bermaline Bread suits him. He is quite willing to make a meal of it at any time, and it is the best food he can eat, for "Bermaline" has all those vital body-building properties which develop sturdy limbs and nourish vigorous young life.

Your baker will supply you with fresh "Bermaline" Bread daily.

For name of nearest "Bermaline" baker write to Montgomerie & Co. Ibrox Glasgow.

"Bermaline" Bread

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Satisfaction or Money Back!

The FAIREST RAINCOAT OFFER in the World.

SARTOR

RAINCOATS—For Everyone

Without a doubt the Sartor Raincoat is the greatest raincoat bargain obtainable to-day. You MUST SEE THE PATTERNS to judge the wonderful value offered. Each garment is perfectly tailored by experts, and made from a fully-proofed Gabardine, which keeps its shape, and affords the wearer protection from the rain. It is lined with a warm, cosy check lining of smart and distinctive design. Not a scrap of rubber in the Sartor—it's the Gabardine itself, proofed by special process, that keeps out the wet.

SEND NO MONEY.—First of all write for Style Book (Ladies, Gents., Maids and Youths), accurate self-measurement form and **FREE PATTERNS**, and then decide.

EVERY SARTOR GUARANTEED.—*If you are not completely satisfied, send the coat back and we will willingly refund your money in full.*

Write to-day, a postcard will do—

20/- Carr. Pd. Br. Isles.

SARTOR MANUFACTURING CO. (Dept. J), 53, OXFORD ROAD, MANCHESTER.

Visit our London Showrooms.

220, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W.1. *(First Floor)*

Corns between Toes removed within half-an-hour

Corns between the toes are often the most obstinate kind to remove and exceedingly painful. If you suffer from such corns Radox will remove them. It will probably take more than one foot-bath. It may take two or three such baths; **but Radox will get rid of the corns, root and all.** A user writes:

"I have not been able to walk properly on and off for a year or two with the intense pain of two corns between my toes, so to-day my people told me to try Radox. Well, I have used everything, and was giving up hope, but anyway within half an hour I was very pleased to find, after soaking my feet, I could pick the corns right out, and remove the hard skin around. Now I hope after all the terrible pain I have had I can walk in comfort once again. After this I shall never be without Radox Bath Salts in the house, and I will tell all my friends to use Radox Bath Salts. It is simply wonderful. It is worth pounds, not pence."

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How Radox Bath Salts Remove Corns.

When you dip your foot into a foot-bath containing Radox Bath Salts the dead skin (which forms the corn) combines with the Radox Bath Salts to form a protein salt of the actual corn itself. This protein salt dissolves in the water like ordinary salt and so loosens the corn that it may be removed bodily.

The Radox Bath Salt does not affect the living skin; it softens and refreshes this; it cannot dissolve it. It is only the dead skin—the corn—which it dissolves. Your chemist has Radox Bath Salts in stock or can get them for you. Ask for the pink packet, price 1/6, double quantity 2/6.

1/6 *Half-Pound Pink Packet.*

Radox Bath Salts

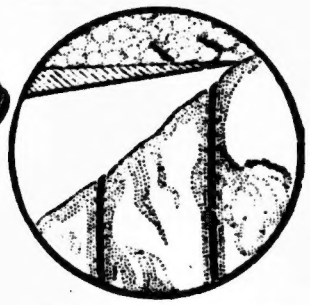
E. GRIFFITH HUGHES, LTD., 68, DEANSGATE ARCADE, MANCHESTER.

Your face doesn't know

Your face doesn't know that the razor has done its work when you finish an Erasmic shave. There is none of the familiar "just shaved" feeling, and you may stroke your chin or even look into the glass incredulously after using Erasmic Shaving Stick for the first time. But the shave will be an uncommonly good one. Men whose beards are particularly strong and stubborn use Erasmic Shaving Stick almost exclusively—because they find the chin has nothing to recover from after an Erasmic shave. There is a feeling of absolute ease the moment the face is dry.

The reason why Erasmic Shaving Stick gives you such a shave is conclusively shown in the accompanying drawings from micro-photographs.

If you look at a hair under a microscope you will see that it is composed of hundreds of overlapping scales. These render the hair armour-plated and tend to make the razor slip over, rather than cut the hair. A light, fluffy lather is powerless against these scales (or laminæ as they are called).



The minute water-holding bubbles of Erasmic Shaving Stick penetrate the defences and hold the scales open. This makes it easy for the razor to cut clean through the hair, with a minimum of strain on the skin cells. In addition, Erasmic contains healing balms which have a wonderful soothing and cooling effect.

ERASMIC SHAVING STICK

In decorated tin 1/-
Nickel case - 1/3
Shaving Cream 1/6

ERASMIC, PERFUMERS, LONDON AND PARIS

ER 74-11

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Before placing your order elsewhere, write for patterns, Catalogue and simple Self-measurement Form.

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No heat, curlers, or elastic required

PERM-WAVE COMB.

Miss CHRISSIE WHITE, the famous Film Beauty, says it compels WAVES TO APPEAR. In ladies', gent.'s or children's, specially adaptable for bobbed or shingled heads. Just use it in place of the ordinary comb, and beautiful waves are bound to come.

Pocket Size, 1/6 Large Size, 2/-. Both, 3/-

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FREE.—A Lawrence Shampoo will be sent to every purchaser of a Perm-wave Comb

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All Garments warranted of best make throughout

From **5/-** month

Each Garment distinctive in style and quality.

Costumes delivered to approved orders on receipt of small payment. Balance monthly, if satisfied. Money back if you are in any way disappointed.

Write for Patterns and styles of Costumes, Robes, Wraps, &c. Post free per return. State which you require.

J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.

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Wilton Cottage, Carisbrooke, Isle of Wight.
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Carriage paid any station England or Wales. Crates 3/6

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WIDE RANGE OF MODELS

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FREE Handsome Double Pocket-to-Pocket Albert Free with Every Watch.

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Celebrated **SPARE TIME AGENCY**

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Boots, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes & Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Drapery, Gramophones, Wireless, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

Men in regular employment appointed as Agents.

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SELF PROTECTION NO LICENCE REQUIRED

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MOORHOUSE & Co. DEPT 89 Padiham, BURNLEY

Run-down and Nervous

When you are Run-down, Nervous, Listless, Unfit for your daily work, take Cassell's Tablets.

They will give you just the help you need.

Mrs. Thornton.

Mrs. Thornton, of 81, Phillips Street, Aston Manor, Birmingham, writes as follows:—"For a very considerable time I was very much run-down in health as the result of the continual attention I had to pay to my mother in her sick room. I was so lifeless and listless that my friends hardly recognised me. I was much reduced in weight and quite unfit to do my daily work; indeed, when I got up in the morning I felt that I had no life in me. However, I was advised to try Cassell's Tablets, and did so, and now I am a new woman. Indeed, I am so much better that I can eat anything and do anything, and I consider that the Tablets are a wonder for women of middle age."

TAKE TWO AT BED-TIME

and note how well you sleep, and how refreshed and fit you feel in the morning.

The Universal Home Remedy for

Nervous Breakdown
Anæmia
Neuritis
Palpitation
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Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Home Price, 1/3; Family Size, 3/-
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Wills's

GOLD FLAKE CIGARETTES

10 *for* 6*d*

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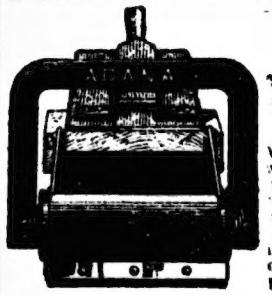

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Vol. XXXVII. No. 937.
Week ending Saturday,
May 2, 1925. Twopence.

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The WORLD, *the* FLESH & *the* DEVIL

This Week—

The Rt. Hon. Philip Snowden, M.P., on "If it Had Been My Budget" .. p. 15

Dr. R. J. Campbell .. .. p. 8
Harrison Owen .. .. p. 14
"A Gentleman with a Duster" .. .. p. 18
Alex. M. Thompson ("Dangle") .. .. p. 18
A. G. Gardiner .. .. p. 19

Special Articles by:

Brig. Genl. F. P. Crozier, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. p. 20
Lt.-Com. the Hon. J. M. Kenworthy, R.N., M.P. p. 22
Rev. Bruce Cornham, M.A. .. .. p. 22
Octavia Lewin, M.B., B.S. (Lond.) .. .. p. 24
D. H. Geffen .. .. p. 24

The Consumption Cure.
We are still receiving hundreds of letters, many of them from doctors. This proves that, whatever the attitude of officialdom, the rank and file of the profession is progressive and open-minded.

Mark Our Words.
Younger members of the Government are growing restive. They feel their own efforts at reconstruction meet with little response from the Cabinet. Mr. Baldwin has one road to travel if he wishes to keep the allegiance of some of the best men in his Party. He must get a move on.

From Within.
There's a feeling among the keenest brains in the Socialist movement that the day of violent propaganda has had its run, and that what is needed is sound and sane constructive effort. We are all ready for a "new world" on that plan.

A World Scandal.
At last Mr. Lloyd George's scathing denunciation of the Dawes Report and the international bankers has reached England via Canada. But it has been carefully ignored by the Press.

The Wage War.
This year will witness the biggest industrial struggle England has ever experienced. If the Government fails to bring out constructive measures Conservatism will receive its death-blow.

Not Too Sunny.
The engineering, shipyard, mining, railway, and building industries all show a far from peaceful spirit as May comes in. Is the bleakness of our summers to blame? Or our politicians?

Conference *v.* Conflict.
Mr. Brownlie has taken our tip in advising his union to join with the employers in investigating costs of production in shipbuilding. It's a welcome change. A strong pull, all together, and the situation may yet be saved.

A Sign of the Times.
The establishment of an Institute of Industry is a step in the right direction. Private enterprise always shows the Government the way.

Caillaux to the Rescue.
M. Caillaux (as we foretold) has taken charge of the French finance mess. The prolonged howls of the Right when the Government met the Chamber showed the fear that he means business.

The Idiot's Remedy.
Three attempts to assassinate M. Caillaux have been made recently, but the accounts were suppressed. Political assassination proves nothing and alters nothing. We learnt it ages ago.

"Distance No Object."
It is proposed to link up the American and European telephonic systems. Within the present generation daily speech with those across seas will be possible. A paving-stone towards relegating armaments to scrap-heaps, and subduing science to the interests of peace.

War's Legacy.
In 1913 the National Debt cost us each 10s. 8½d. Last year it cost us £8 0s. 4½d. per head. Those who can't be taught through their heads that war is insanity may yet learn through their pockets.

Our Food.
The cost-of-living figure is still 79 per cent. above pre-war. Seasonal cheapening of perishable foodstuffs is deceptive. What counts is the falling purchasing power of money.

Small Shops.
The Post Office willingness to establish the cash-on-delivery system is needlessly alarming small traders. There's always a public for the handy shop. Wise policy is better than panic.

Room for Pigs.
The number of pigs kept by British farmers shows no increase on fifty years ago. Meanwhile, thousands of working men with families would be glad to keep a pig, but they can't get the land. It's the height of national insanity.

Rubber Restrictions.
Because the price of rubber fell heavily in 1922, the plantation companies restricted the output. These restrictions may shortly be removed. The rights of the consumer are more important than the profits of the producer.

Left Guessing.
Did the directors of the G.W.R. tell J. H. Thomas, during the famous lunch, of their intended "all-round" reduction of wages? Mr. Thomas' employers want to know, naturally.

Open the Gates.
There is a big dearth of candidates for the Consular Service. A biting commentary on antiquated methods restricting posts to one class of applicant. More elasticity is wanted.

"JOHN BULL" FREE INSURANCE GIFT.
15,886 BENEFITS PAID.
SEE PAGE 2.

End the Dead-end.
Nothing could be worse for boys starting life than jobs that lead nowhere. Greater latitude by Trade Unions, and more parental sacrifice, might re-establish the apprentice system. It's a proposition worth considering.

Looking for Big Hits.
Colonel F. S. Jackson foreshadows an "all-in" insurance scheme this session. As cricketer and Party manager he knows that if it is all stone-walling and no hitting the country will start barracking.

Righting a Wrong.
It is impossible to get first-class doctors to join the R.A.M.C. because the rates of pay are so poor. We are glad to hear that this disability will shortly be removed.

The Raiding Spirit.
Crime would have diminished very considerably but for the growth of crimes due to war experience. The problem is to find these trench raiders an honest job.

The Black Peril.
Communism and drink among South African natives can only lead to scenes like the Bloemfontein shooting. For agitators to stir up unarmed blacks is a crime that would be terrible indeed if the blacks had arms.

Bulgarian Atrocities.
Slav Bulgaria reproduces the two Terrors of Tsarist Russia. Massacre by infernal machine in the Sofia cathedral must not blind us to the savage Government repression that provoked it.

We Led the Way.
Behind the scenes in Parliament there is much activity among Penal Reformers. Thorough revision may be looked for shortly, and legislation will follow on lines laid down by public opinion.

It's Often So.
Our demand for open enquiry into the horrors attending traffic in worn-out horses is bearing fruit. Some of our warmest supporters are in the Upper House. Given a backing of public opinion, the thing's done.

Dying Babies.
Mr. Neville Chamberlain will be interested to note that in his own city of Birmingham the babies' death-rate is rising. As Minister of Health it is his business to apply sound remedies.

Wembley Amusements Park.
The creditors and shareholders, in the compulsory liquidation of the Amusements Construction Company, Ltd., met at Carey Street last week. This company was one of a group formed by Horace Scott Laycock and Frederick James Bird, who carried on business last year at Amusement Park, Wembley, and which we recently criticised. Their official statement shows liabilities of £106,815, with a total deficiency of £88,780.

Problems of Life.

Sentence of Death

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

I HAVE just finished reading a wonderful book—"Figures of the Passion" by a Spanish writer named Gabriel Miro—and the effect of it is still so strong upon me that I can think of nothing else.

It describes the crucifixion of Christ with such appalling realism that one sees the thing as it actually happened in all its stark horror and reeking hideousness.

Yet, according to received tradition, there was one at Calvary whose sufferings must have been as great as those of the crucified.

We are told that Christ's mother saw Him die and that His last look was for her.

It is this that has made her for all time to come the type and representative of agonising motherhood—the Mater Dolorosa whom the troubled world reveres.

MARY of Nazareth knew her son to be the noblest of the human race: but what of the mothers who lack this consolation?

Two lines in a newspaper tell us that the mother of a condemned man died recently just before the day appointed for her son's execution. Think of what is behind that terse announcement. A fond heart broken, that is all.

We are officially informed that between three and four hundred persons have suffered capital punishment in this country in the last quarter of a century.

Did all these belong to what are called the criminal classes?

No, many of them came of good respectable stock; and we hear nothing of the after history of those who loved them and, in a manner of speaking, died with them.

For dying it is—a living death—when parent, wife, son or daughter looks back to that hour of doom which marked them as with the brand of Cain.

OUR rough human justice hits the innocent harder than the guilty: and this is part of the pitiful tragedy of human life.

Tennyson's haunting ballad, "Rizpah," which is the supposed confession of a mother who cuts down from a wayside gallows and buries the body of her boy, describes what any mother would feel in similar case:—

"My baby, the bones that had suck'd me, the bones that had laughed and had cried—
Theirs? O, no! they are mine—not theirs—
they had moved in my side."

Let us bare our heads to this majesty of sorrow which hides its face from us in England to-day.

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

Sense and Sentiment.

When Blackwell Rural Council were pondering the prosecution of a poor woman with an invalid husband and young children, who owed rates, one member put the money on the table and said, "We can soon settle little things like this. Let her have the receipt." A kindly and sensible way out. The man who did it has a heart.

A Live Police Chief.

Fortune-tellers, and other similar frauds, who victimise holiday-makers, now know that Scarborough's chief constable is on their track, and means to prosecute without warning. A lead to the police elsewhere, which should make business unprofitable for humbugging swindlers.

A Disgrace to Manchester.

That a dying man should be left groaning in agony in the road before horrified spectators is a reproach to civilisation. It occurred in Manchester when a man named Harris was fatally injured in a motor smash. The police explained that the ambulance is not allowed to turn out unless someone guarantees 10s. Disgraceful.

Generous Magistrates.

John Walsh, who had lost an arm in France, was summoned at Wigan for hawking fish without a licence. He said he was a victim of money-lender's trickery, and the magistrates, of which Mr. Welling was chairman, paid his fine, and let him go, as they had "very great sympathy for him." It was a kindly act, and one for which we record our thanks and congratulations.

Justice and Mercy.

One of the privileges of being on the Bench is the opportunity it gives of tempering justice with mercy. Dr. Lilley, of Hull, had two working-men before him, charged with begging. They had tramped from Dewsbury to Hull, seeking work and not finding it. Dr. Lilley went carefully into their case, and, instead of convicting, granted the men 5s. each from the poor-box. A little help is worth more than a great deal of vague sympathy.

A Brave Harrow Boy.

An eighteen-year-old Harrow School boy, named Edward Cox, was killed the other day through his motor-cycle crashing into a tree. A servant girl was coming out of a lane on her cycle, when Cox deliberately turned off to avoid hitting her. The coroner commented on the boy's bravery.

Not a Sporting Parson.

"There must be no mixed dancing at my church," says the Rev. W. E. West, "and no social club. You can have my resignation first." In the interest of the young people who need saving from unhealthy dance-halls we anticipate that the resignation of Mr. West has been accepted.

A Moral Murderer.

What is the true tragic story of the relations between Thomas Sands, the Lincolnshire landowner, and the pretty servant girl, Kate Helena Leesing, who took her own life. She was in a certain condition, and in a letter she said, "When I told Mr. Sands he told me to be sure to blame someone else." What has Sands to say?

Another Pension Success.

Mrs. Elizabeth Ann Porritt, of 141, Cottingham Street, Attercliffe, Sheffield, mother of the late Private G. W. Butt, of the York and Lancaster Regiment, had a war pension of 5s. weekly. She "wrote to JOHN BULL about it," and we took up her case with the Ministry of Pensions. We are now able to state, on official authority, that her pension has been increased to 19s. 6d. a week.

A Shabby Fraud.

Three months' hard labour is scarcely enough for Walter Spencer, of Eastbourne, a mean hound who called on the wife of a prisoner in Wandsworth Jail, and by pretending to be a warder, who could smuggle food and cigarettes into the prison, got money and food from her. Spencer, who had been many times in jail before, got off lightly.

The Perfect Sunday—
An armchair—a pipe—"The People"

A Brave Man.

Mr. W. H. Wilcox, of Berkeley Towers, Crewe, is a man of prompt courage and action. A burglar called at his home with such plausibility that he was asked in. Mr. Wilcox arrived on the scene to find two maids held up at the point of a revolver, which, without a moment's hesitation he dashed for and secured, despite the fact that a second armed man was in waiting. But householders must be freed from this type of outrage.

Dastards on Dole.

Barbara Haddock, getting £3 10s. weekly from her own drapery business, yet managed to draw unemployment benefit also. So did George Sutton, until detected at Willesden through coming straight from work to the Labour Exchange with the dirt of his employment on his hands. These and thousands of similar cases now under investigation are hard on honest unfortunates. But—it's the system that's wrong.

The Man with a Heart.

Professionalism does not always turn a man into a machine as some persons appear to think. When two men stole from Charles Johns, the famous pro. of Purley, seventeen golf clubs, sixty balls, and a bag, which they sold to unsuspecting purchasers, he pleaded for them with such success that they were bound over and given a second chance. We look to Henry Munday and Sidney Ferris, the delinquents, to justify this trust.

Sticking to Duty.

When a crash occurred between the goods train and the dead-end blocks at Athelney Station, strewing lines with débris, a second train was saved from complete wreckage by the splendid conduct of its driver and fireman. Both stuck to their cabin, applying brakes to lessen the collision, though in instant peril of death. They must have managed to save hundreds of pounds, and it is up to the Great Western Railway Company to recognise the fact in some suitable manner.

Blood Will Tell.

Joseph Caldwell, arriving in Worcester, met with no success in a search for work. At the police station, in search of lodgings, he overheard that a man was wanted to give his blood for a transfusion hospital. Caldwell at once volunteered. As a result an important life was saved, and Caldwell received a testimonial from friends of the patient which helped him on his road. Another facer for the grousers against the honest unemployed.

Turning Night into Day.

A man who saw an advertisement for a job as a stoker at £3 a week, at Easthampstead (Berkshire) workhouse, cycled between two and three hundred miles in an effort to get it. He rode all through the night going, and all through the following night returning. We commend the story to the superior people who delight to sneer at the honest British workman as incurably work shy. This enterprising and courageous fellow at least gave evidence that he meant business.

We Demand Release.

Captain C. H. Attfield, lying in Brixton Remand Prison since August last, is ground beneath the upper and nether millstones. Accused of a technical offence, action was instituted by the Custom authorities under a century-old privilege. The Home Secretary refers relatives to the Customs authorities, who in turn instance the Home Secretary as "the only person able to order release." Capt. Attfield has had no trial. He must be set at liberty.

A Gallant Man.

Harry Tompkins, Works Manager of the Blowsdown Lime Works, near Dunstable, found that three men had been lowered into a belt of poison gas at the bottom of a pit. Two had been hauled up, but the third lay unconscious at the bottom. There were no gas masks available. Tompkins improvised one, descended into the death pit and succeeded in rescuing the imprisoned man. A story like this is worth a chapter of homilies on the good relations between masters and men.

Check the Tendency.

Jessie List, a pretty twenty-four-year-old typist, when charged at Marlborough Street with soliciting, was able thoroughly to establish her innocence. She was stated to be a respectable girl. Our streets are not yet at such a pass that a woman may not speak to a man without incurring suspicion. Laxity is one thing and over-zealousness another.

What they'll Miss.

Sam Town, a carrier, of Shipley, has been ordered to pay maintenance to his wife and little daughter Elsie. He has deliberately deserted them because he thinks that he can be happy only with Elsie Coope, the young single girl with whom he has run away. Sam may have "studied everything," but there's one thing he forgets. True happiness is only found by sticking to decency and duty. He has dragged both in mud.

The Boys' Friend.

Mr. A. Davidson, Nottingham probation officer, to prove his contention that the carelessness with which many stores display their goods is a direct incentive to thieving, made an experiment. He went into a shop, and without detection, crammed his pockets, and then showed his catch to the astounded manager. Mr. Davidson believes that prevention is better than cure. He has shown the law the weak place in its armour.

A Shabby Police Plot.

Our repeated protests against unfair police traps have been supported by the Leven Bench, which refused to convict Thomas Dryburgh, merchant, 8, High Street, Leven, for having sold a bottle of whisky after hours. A policeman, on instructions, sent his wife into Dryburgh's public-house, where she pleaded for a bottle of whisky and was ultimately allowed to take it away. The business of the police is to prevent people from breaking the law, not to induce them to do so.

Bloomsbury Profiteers.

The landlady of fiction is not worse than some of the landladies of fact, or, at least, some of the landladies of Bloomsbury. These grasping harpies have the impudence to charge in some cases £2 a week for a room they formerly let for 10s., and up to £8 a week for two rooms originally let at 30s. The hardship is especially felt by women who have to go further from the centre of London and incur heavier travelling expenses. Why should one class be allowed to profiteer at the expense of so many others?

Certainly not Horse-sense.

The Richmond magistrates let off with a fine Robert C. Sumner, of Avenue Road, Kingston, for ill-treating a mare, though he had been several times previously convicted and heavily fined, and though the inspector of the R.S.P.C.A., described him as the most brutal horse-master he had ever come across, and totally unfit to have the care of a horse. Did the magistrates suppose that this testimonial was an appeal for mercy?

The Wrong Way.

The way the ratepayers' money is wasted is illustrated in a case from Eastbourne, where Leslie Lane was found guilty of being drunk and disorderly, with smashing up a police-cell, and generally making himself a nuisance. The day before he had been given, by the Poor-Law authorities, clothes, 10s. and 5s. worth of groceries. He was fined £1, 35s. for damage, and given a month to pay the fine. People who trade on kindness ought to be much more drastically dealt with.

Tower House—an Apology.

In publishing the "Tragic Story of a Castaway" in our issue of February 14, we told of his experiences at Tower House, Erith, Kent. Mr. May, the superintendent, and the managers of the institution have felt aggrieved at our article, and as we are now satisfied that there is no foundation for the statements therein which have reference to either Mr. May or the institution, we unreservedly withdraw such statements and express our deep regret for having published them.

General and Particular.

The General Produce Co., of Blackpool, is not as particular as it ought to be. It owes £7, for goods received, to a reader of JOHN BULL, which it has promised to pay, and has failed to keep its word. It has also ignored letters from us on the subject. The address of the firm is Police Street, Blackpool, which seems adding insult to injury.

Money Saved and Money Earned.

The committee of the Homes Mills Band, Rotherham, about to place an order with the Premier Uniform Company, a firm criticised in a recent issue, write to thank us for having been just in time to save it parting with hard-earned money. Prevention is better than cure, and we are always glad to be of help in this way.

An Impudent Tout.

"I am pestered with these damned circulars," a reader of JOHN BULL writes, enclosing a touting moneylender's circular from H. Passmore, 43, Conduit Street, Regent Street, London. Our reader is described in the directory as a cashier—hence no doubt Mr. Passmore's zeal. It ought to be made a criminal offence for a money-lender to approach a cashier with an unsolicited offer to lend him money without security. We warn Mr. Passmore to watch his step.

The Scales of Justice.

A well-known manufacturing concern, the Automatic Scale Co., Ltd., of Broadheath, Altrincham, is very proud of the truth of its weight system. It might direct its attention to truth in advertising. It advertises for representatives—salary and commission. It answers applicants with an offer on a basis of remuneration by commission. This is very hard on people out of work, who thus spend time and money for stamps, stationery, etc., answering announcements offering salaried appointments.

By Their Fruits—not Buy Them.

An ingenious Birmingham hawker has discovered how to dye oranges to make them look ripe. He dips them in chrysoidine, and, although his dodge has been discovered by Birmingham's public analyst, Mr. J. F. Liversiege, apparently nothing is going to happen, as this is not an offence under the Food and Drugs Act. Shakespeare said that to gild refined gold was wasteful and ridiculous excess. To paint oranges into maturity, may be good business, except for the people who eat the sophisticated fruit. It ought not to be impossible to stop this far too sharp practice.

Well Away!

There is a bookmaker named J. Harrington, who practised formerly at 34, Essex Street, London, W.C. According to a letter from his office he intended to resume his practice later on. If that is his intention he might pay certain cheques which he issued to winning clients, and then stopped payment of them. Some of his clients wrote to him at Essex Street and their letters were returned marked "Not at 34." A shy bookmaker!

Arrests after Publicity.

We recently called for the arrest of Reginald Whitbread, whose conduct we criticised in connection with certain investments obtained from ex-Service men. He has now been arrested. We also exposed Reginald Harvey for obtaining poultry from farmers and not paying for it, in the name of the "Alderney Poultry and Egg Stores." He, too, with his son and another, are now being charged with alleged long-firm frauds in the poultry line.

An Old Offender.

That notorious moneylender's tout, John C. Lubbock, of 36, Russell Road, Kensington, W. 14, is once again busy looking for mugs whom he introduces to a scheming moneylender. We have not heard of Lubbock for some time, but, as complaints are once again reaching us, we cannot too strongly urge the public to give him a wide berth. His record is studded with misrepresentations and sharp practices.

Public Utility.

A firm called Public Utility Services, of 79, St. Martin's Lane, W.C. 2, ought to be much more careful in its methods. The other day it offered to exhibit for a client an advertisement in Claridge's Hotel. The client found that Claridge's did not permit this, and stopped the cheque which had been paid for the advertisement. We are now told by the manager of Claridge's that he had never authorised anybody to offer advertising space in his hotel.

Beware—Bogus "Nurse" Thieves.

We have constantly warned the public and the police against women swindlers who pose in the garb of nurses. Lately several of these adventuresses have been sent to jail. There were two cases last week—that of Hilda Gray, who at London Sessions got nine months, and that of Rose Groves, who at Marylebone was sentenced to six months. Both had previous convictions. Many "nurses" collect for bogus charities, and the public should always ask for credentials.

The Human Machine.

Brains and Bumps

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

FROM time to time I am asked whether I believe in phrenology, whether I believe it possible for a phrenologist to read one's character by "telling one's bumps."

I disbelieve entirely in phrenology, although I willingly admit that certain phrenologists are good readers of character.

But they do not do it by "telling bumps"; they do it because they are keen observers, and keen students of human nature.

It is known that certain functions of the brain are localised in certain definite areas of the brain—sight, hearing, touch, motor activity and so forth. There is no earthly reason, however, why these or any others should show in bumps on the skull.

When it is pretended that abstract and complex things like "love of children," "conscientiousness," or "individuality," show as bumps on the skull, the word phrenology becomes synonymous with farce.

NOR has the size of the skull (and, therefore, the size of the brain) much to do with the matter. It is the convolutions on the surface of the brain that matter—and these certainly have no outward indication.

To be able to say that a firm jaw denotes practical energy, or that soft, delicate hands denote a sensitive and refined character, needs no more than a little observation of men, plus a good memory. And even then the observer will not be right every time!

No, the human machine is not nearly such a simple affair as our friends the phrenologists would believe. It needs a great deal more than a certain formation of the bony structure called the skull to explain why one man is an expert mathematician while another is an expert musician.

The phrenologist is often quite a good instinctive psychologist; but if he is to be a successful phrenologist he must certainly be a good guesser!

MRS. POLLY MACKAY'S STUNT

CANNY CHARITY CONCERNS

Where are the Balance-sheets?

WE are glad that the Government is at last tackling seriously the burning question of charity collections, by which every year thousands of pounds are extracted from the generous and unsuspecting public and to a large extent frittered away in expenses and salaries.

Hundreds of dubious people all over the country live in ease on the collections they make for specific causes which too often derive little benefit from the subscriptions given solely for them.

We have had a few words to say about a lady named Mrs. Polly Mackay, the guiding spirit behind the "Mountjoy Orphan Homes for Friendless and Destitute Children in Glasgow."

Nosey Parker or Peeping Tom

We objected to the method employed by this woman in collecting at long distances for what is purely a local work, and one which shows little sign of being anything like as important as she would wish to make the charitably disposed public believe.

We have been favoured with a letter from Mr. Thomas J. Connolly, solicitor, 20, Leith Walk, Edinburgh, who objects very strongly to our article, and has the impertinence to suggest that our criticisms of Mrs. Mackay were inspired by "an odious Nosey Parker or Peeping Tom with an axe to grind."

We shall not attempt to compete in impertinence with this Scottish lawyer, but we may say that we have now gone further into the activities of Mrs. Polly Mackay and are more convinced than ever that the charitable work she is doing, with the assistance of a motor-car, does not by any means justify her appeals to the public for funds.

Mr. Connolly, referring to our observation that Mrs. Mackay had been able to buy a house, says that many of us can do that if we "raise the wind" with a mortgage. That is not our point. What we objected to was "raising the wind" by appeals to the charitable public.

In any case, Mrs. Mackay has been at this charity collecting work for something like twenty years, having started at Tudor Street, Salisbury Square, London, afterwards opening a Scottish headquarters in Glasgow, and a "Gospel Union" at Bradford.

Since then Mrs. Mackay has operated persistently, at times on quite an extensive scale, and the work in which she interests herself has occasionally changed its name. It has been, for instance, the "Gospel Union Orphanage" and the "Mountjoy Evangelistic Mission."

The Rt. Hon. Sir Wm. Joynson-Hicks, M.P., Home Secretary, who is devoting attention to bogus charities

We may say that, for many years, this lady has been on the records of the Charity Organisation Society as running an institution that is not worthy of the support she invites for it. Curiously enough, Glasgow seems to be quite a happy hunting ground for charity-mongers, and we risk the disapproval of impertinent Scottish solicitors in mentioning some of them.

Breakfasts with the Band of Love

There is a concern called the "Band of Love," 18, William Street, Cowcaddens, run by a Mr. McLean, with the assistance of his family. They give free breakfasts on Sunday mornings to a number of old men and women and children, and, occasionally, free teas on a week night. But it is not easy to find out how much money they receive, how much of it goes in expenses and how much in relief.

There is the "Christian Volunteer Force," 132, West Nile Street, run by Commander James Hutchison, formerly a Salvation Army officer, who is assisted by his wife and three sons. They give breakfasts on Sunday mornings and hold gospel meetings, but there is no responsible committee of management who can see that the money raised is worthily and economically expended.

Then there is the "Sons of the Old Contemptibles," 26, Burnside Street, run by a man named Evans. There is no responsible committee to control his charitable appeals, and he recently sent one out stating that Earl Ypres is honorary president of his association, which is a lie.

There is also the "Glasgow Humanity Society," a group of working men who meet at night at street corners and bring with them poor persons in need. A pitiful story is told, and money is thrown into the ring to be given to the applicant. No reports or balance-sheets are issued, and, obviously, this is a most unsatisfactory way of appealing to the public.

The same old story

Then there are the "Volunteers to the Poor," 96, Burnside Street, run by Mr. John Hughes, which appeals for funds to provide a Christmas treat for poor children. There is no report or balance-sheet available.

The same may be said of the Gospel Lovers' Mission, 9, Berkeley Terrace, the secretary of which is Mr. Arnold West. He was formerly an assistant of Commander Hutchison, but has now started on his own. Last December he also was appealing for funds to give a Christmas treat to children. It is the same old story—no responsible committee, and no report or balance-sheet.

It may be said that the prevalence of societies of this kind reflects great credit on the kindness and generosity of the Glasgow public. It may be said also that outsiders are not called upon to interfere.

But we think the majority of the Glasgow people will agree with us that there ought to be some legal authority to supervise all organisations which appeal to the public for funds in the name of charity, and that it should be made compulsory to publish properly prepared and duly audited accounts.

A Hard Lot Hardened

The Lame, the Halt, and the Blind

THERE is a little family to-day in Ipswich, whose story might have made poignant pathos for an episode in a play of Euripides.

They are two—a father and son—and live at 51, Pauline Street, Stoke, Ipswich. The young man, who is now twenty-four years of age, has been crippled from early childhood and is suffering from infantile paralysis. In the grip of this fell disease he has been helpless for years, and has practically never been able to do any work.

* * *

Two years ago he became so bad that he had to go to hospital for treatment. There he got the best advice, the best attention that was possible, but unhappily he got steadily worse, and finally he was advised that he must have the left foot amputated. The operation was successfully performed and, after a long and tedious convalescence, the young man returned to his home.

There he found that the hand of Fate had struck another cruel blow. His father, Mr. Cunningham, had been employed in the smith's shop of the Great Eastern Railway close upon forty years. He was a man of excellent character. He had worked hard and served faithfully. He was stricken down by illness which developed into partial blindness. The unfortunate man, who has a maimed and crippled son dependent upon him, has now gone totally blind.

* * *

The father was entitled to a pension from the company, which he duly received. To this was added a further allowance of 9s., as poor Cunningham was suffering from glaucoma and has never been able to do any work since his illness put him out of action. Last August he became entitled to the blind pension of 10s. a week, which made up his total income to 32s. a week.

The crippled boy had been unable, from his circumstances, to join any friendly society. He was, therefore, compelled to apply to the local board of guardians for relief. They allowed him 10s. weekly.

This sorely stricken father and son, devoted to each other, were barely able to drag on a miserable existence on their total income of 42s. a week, out of which they had to pay about 8s. a week for rent.

As we have said, Fate dealt with apparently vindictive harshness towards this unfortunate couple. One would have thought that its malice had exhausted itself. In the deepest suffering there is always a further depth.

Another blow has fallen. The guardians, having discovered that the father receives a blind pension of 10s. a week, promptly proceeded to reduce the allowance made to the crippled and paralysed boy from 10s. a week to 5s. a week.

What justification do they think they can put forward for a restriction like this, which must add to the misery of two people who have already been, as it were, the chosen victims of malign fortune? Do they think that 37s. a week will tempt these unhappy creatures into extravagance?

* * *

Do they think it right to transfer the responsibility they have undertaken to maintain the stricken son to a father who is unable to look after himself—much less look after his crippled boy?

Her Wooden Cross

In Memory of a Good Husband

MRS. L. PHILLIPS, a widow, of 9, Landseer Road, Holloway, has had an experience in which we think she will have the sympathy of our readers. Some two years ago she lost her husband, who was a printer, and the son and the grandson of a printer. He suffered from a defective heart, though he did not know it, and had never had a day's illness in his life; but one morning, when boarding a tram, he slipped and fell and died on the way to hospital.

His widow was left in poor circumstances, for, as her husband had died of heart failure, she could get no compensation. But she faced the future with great courage, resolving to work hard to keep herself and her two children.

She scraped the money together, and purchased a private grave for him at Finchley, upon which she could lavish her personal attention, and in which, in due course, she hoped to rest herself.

Hearts hard as marble

She would have liked to put up a stone cross over the grave, but here again, unfortunately, her means would not permit. In the circumstances, she got permission from the authorities to erect a wooden cross, and this, though it was made by a friend, cost her over £3. She had it inscribed and dealt with so that it resembled marble.

It is, of course, a real consolation to this poor widow and the family that they have, in this way, done all that they could to pay a tribute of respect and regard to the departed.

But that does not affect the cemetery authorities, for the Town Clerk of the Borough of Islington, which in this case, apparently, was the authorising body, has been instructed to write to Mrs. Phillips and say that she must remove this wooden cross from her dead husband's grave within a month, and that if she does not do so it will be removed by the superintendent.

We have no hesitation in saying that this is a very harsh mandate. We can understand that certain regulations must be made if a cemetery is to be kept in a state of proper decorum, but no complaints can be made against the late Mr. Phillips' grave in this respect.

There are many other wooden crosses in the same part of the cemetery. Some of them have been allowed to get really dilapidated. Even here one would think that the authorities would permit the relatives to replace a cross which had become dilapidated.

Nameless grave because poor

It is, apparently, intended to have all these wooden crosses removed, which will, no doubt, be a very good thing for the people who sell stone crosses, but, in the case of Mrs. Phillips, she cannot afford a stone cross, and we therefore beg the guardians who have control of this matter to reconsider her case.

It will be extremely painful to this poor widow if she is not allowed to maintain over her husband's grave the cross on which his name is inscribed and the record of the affection in which he was held by his wife and family.

Poor Mrs. Phillips, toiling and moiling to keep a roof over her head, to bring up her children well, to honour the memory of her beloved husband! Is cruelty too harsh a word for official action which says that, because she is poor, that beloved husband must lie in a nameless grave? This totally unnecessary wound must not be inflicted.

Jungle Justice

Enquiry evaded by I.C.S.

IT was proved up to the hilt by the Committee of Inquiry into the Mespot scandals that, when they choose, Indian officials are the world's most expert "hush-hush" artists. The belief that they are no less proficient in the art of evading an issue which might reveal an error on their part in the administration of justice is supported by the case of Mr. E. A. Guest, an ex-magistrate in the Indian Provincial Service.

In 1919 Mr. Guest, while deputy-magistrate at Purnea in the Government of Bihar and Orissa, was charged by his superiors in the Indian Civil Service with certain offences, the principal of which seems to have been that he was unable to clear himself of debts and that he had recourse to native bankers.

Quite properly, English officials are forbidden to borrow money in that direction, but Mr. Guest claimed that those from whom he secured an advance, although natives, were of equal status to any of the joint-stock companies to whom he would have been entitled to apply.

Judged by his accusers

In any case, he had a wife and family to support, and his financial troubles, like those of many men, dated from the time that his children reached school age and had to be sent to distant provinces for an education which would give them a fair chance in life.

It may be pointed out on his behalf that to have the wide powers of a provincial magistrate, and to remain poor, is at least a guarantee of honesty. To put it bluntly, the opportunities of "graft" which come to those in his position are many.

The charges against Mr. Guest were heard by Indian Civil Servants in the Bihar and Orissa Government, who decided against him. He lodged an appeal through the Viceroy, but before the decision was arrived at he was "removed."

Since then he has never rested in his struggle to obtain a rehearing; but, in spite of the fact that the European Association in Calcutta, who enquired into the circumstances, informed the Viceroy that they thought "less than justice had been done" and that Mr. Guest's "accusers appeared to be his judges," the I.C.S. remained adamant.

Nobody knows, nobody cares

Two years ago Mr. Guest, who had never visited the capital of Empire, set sail for London on a tramp steamer. Shipwreck on the way, in which he narrowly escaped drowning, and lost what few possessions he had, did not daunt him. Firm in the belief that British justice was no empty phrase, he brought his case to Whitehall, only to learn by painful experience that the poor man without wealth or influence has as much hope of moving official wheels as of shifting Whitehall itself.

Three successive Secretaries of State he has petitioned, but always with the same result. Similar appeals to bodies such as the Privy Council and to individual members of Parliament have met with the same result. Nobody cares for a poor ex-official from a remote Indian province, and a word from the India Office is enough to convince them that representatives abroad of that august department are Daniels come to judgment and cannot err.

A VERY FISHY AFFAIR

HOUSES ON SHAKY FOUNDATIONS

Bungling with Bungalows

UNDER our ridiculous company laws there are many booby traps for investors. One of the most dangerous of them is the plan which has lately come into fashion of starting a small company with a merely nominal capital and then getting money from the public on bonds. In this way working capital is obtained, but those who supply it have practically no control over the company which spends their money.

An amazing example of this is the record of a concern called the Hanworth Public Utility Society, Ltd., which is at present in liquidation, and the summary of the liquidator's accounts to January 25 of this year has just been sent to dissatisfied investors, whose patience is growing well-nigh exhausted. We shall have something to say about them later on.

Posts for wife and granddaughter

The Hanworth Public Utility Society, Ltd., was started with the idea of financing the building of houses for owner-occupiers. The scheme has ended disastrously and went into liquidation with liabilities of £25,000 to stockholders, and with assets to meet those liabilities of under £300.

The story of the company's operations is an amazing one. It was practically run by a man named Joseph Ambrose Taylor, who seems to have done extremely well out of it. There was a committee, but some members of the committee, apparently, were not enthusiastic about Mr. Taylor's performances, so they were replaced and their positions given to Mrs. Taylor and Miss Jahn, who is Mr. Taylor's granddaughter.

The reason given for making these preposterous changes was that the dispossessed committee members were not conspicuous for business ability or training, but there is no ground to believe that any special business qualifications were possessed by Mr. Taylor or even by Miss Jahn.

It should be added that the total capital of the society up to the end of December, 1922, amounted to about 1,600 shares, of which Mr. Taylor owned the greater part, but the real capital of the society was a sum of £26,000 loan stock, *subscribed by persons other than Mr. Taylor.*

The "committee" treated Mr. Taylor with great consideration. They thought that, owing to his age and physique, it was necessary for him to have a motor-car, so he got one, and the committee obligingly authorised the payment of £50 a month to help him to run it.

This, of course, was a piece of reckless expenditure, entirely unjustified by the position of the society. Then the society purchased Tudor House Estate, and Mr. Taylor and his family proceededto occupy some rooms in it, while some of the other officials also lived there.

They were charged a certain amount for rent, and it was suggested that this house should be run as a club for propaganda purposes to entertain prospective investors and to give housing accommodation to stockholders who were waiting for their houses to be built. As a result of this scheme nearly £900 worth of the stockholders' money was lost.

This was not all the benefit that Mr. Taylor got out of this society. The "committee" passed a resolution giving Mr. Taylor the really astonishing sum of £3,000 as special remuneration in respect of his services.

Committee all paid servants

When this amazing resolution was passed, all the members of the "committee" were paid servants of the society, and the services for which this huge sum was paid out were supposed to be that Mr. Taylor got a building contract through for the erection of fifty-two houses and in undertaking a personal liability in that connection himself.

The inspector who looked into this matter, under the Industrial and Provident Societies Act, states that at the time these payments to Mr. Taylor were authorised the society was in a condition of hopeless insolvency.

One could point out a number of other remarkable transactions, which would not help the stockholders to any great extent. But we are receiving a number of complaints from them asking us how this matter is going on.

Doped with misleading reports

The society came under the control of the Chief Registrar in 1922. Nearly three years later, the stockholders still do not know if they are ever going to get any money. The business of liquidating this concern goes slowly along.

In the account presented at the end of last month it is put down as £370. There has been litigation, as a result of which Mr. Taylor has been ordered to repay some thousand pounds.

In the liquidator's report to an enquirer, which is dated last December, it is said—"Mr. Taylor has to pay into the funds of the society £2,150. This he is doing by instalments, the first of which has been received." The liquidator does not say—as we think he ought to—the amount of the instalment, or the time over which instalments should spread.

Again, the stockholders were doped with reports which it is mild language to describe as misleading. They were false. It was claimed that they had an option on a sewage disposal works that was worth £25,000. It was not, as the Government could at any time take it over for what the society spent on it.

It was claimed, too, that the land owned by the society had increased enormously in value. There is no proof of this claim.

The whole story is one of such gross bungling that it amounts to something suspiciously like criminal neglect, and it is clear that Parliament must take this matter up and prevent the wicked exploitation of investors in this way.

It is not as though this were an isolated case. Others like it are happening constantly. How much longer must we protest before effective official action is taken?

A Shylock Who Shied

Moneylender and His Tout

THE impudence of the moneylender, if it is not yet proverbial, might well become the basis of a proverb.

As an illustration of this theory, we might well take the case of Mr. L. Howard (Actual Lender) of 36/40, Glasshouse Street, Regent Street, W., who sends out unsolicited circulars, offering to lend money on note of hand alone, privately and immediately, without fees.

As a matter of fact, Mr. L. Howard is in close relationship with a gentleman named Mr. A. H. Reeve, who, though he is not described as the Actual Lender, is, in certain cases, the gentleman who advances the money.

* * *

Mr. Howard is a very active-minded gentleman. Having found out the persons whom he thinks might be induced to deal with him, he does not let them alone.

He writes them and renews his offer, which, he says, is treated with the strictest confidence.

If that is not successful, Howard follows it up with a postcard, asking the intended borrower why he does not reply.

Finally, it may be, the borrower, pressed by financial necessities, takes advantage of this apparently kindly offer.

* * *

A Cambridge reader of JOHN BULL replied to one of Howard's unsolicited circulars, and asked if he could have a loan of £50. He did not get it from Mr. Howard, but he got it from Mr. A. H. Reeve, who wrote from 66, Victoria Street, London, S.W., to say that he had been told by Mr. Howard that an advance was required.

From this point of the story Mr. Howard having obviously done his job as a tout, disappears from the story. Mr. Reeve took up the running. He made the advance.

He took from his client a promisory note for £50, repayable at £6 5s. a month. In return for this, he very kindly gave him not £50, but £30.

The client repaid £12 10s. in two instalments, and became a week overdue on the third instalment. Mr. Reeve issued a writ for £37 10s., plus interest at the rate of 60 per cent. per annum until payment or judgment.

In these circumstances, the embarrassed client paid another instalment of £6 5s., so that for the £30 he had received, he had so far repaid £18 15s.

That stopped Shylock for the moment. But it did not pay the debt. Having repaid £18 15s. out of £30 he still owed £11 5s., and interest.

Uultimately, he had to settle this remaining obligation of a little more than £10 by a payment, which he made, of £42 11s.!

Now, if we look into this transaction, we find that the borrower got £30, and that under pressure he repaid £61 6s. in something less than six months.

In other words, the £30 borrower was mulcted for over £60—that is to say, at a rate of interest of something like 200 per cent.!

* * *

What it really means is that the ingenuous Howard pretends to be the actual lender. Then he retires in the background and the exacting Reeve arrives, not to lend money privately and immediately without fees, but to advance about half what is asked for at about twenty times the interest that any reasonable man might be expected to pay.

AN INNOCENT ABROAD

MAN AND WIFE COMPANY

Peddling in Tips and Tipples

A VERY important story, affecting every sportsman in the country, lies behind some brief and perfunctory proceedings against a man named Ernest Carlton, which took place a few days ago at Beverley Police Court.

The facts we propose to reveal did not come out at this official investigation at Beverley. Perhaps the prosecuting counsel, who had travelled specially from London to represent the Director of Public Prosecutions, did not know them. That is all the more reason why we think the public should be informed.

Carlton was summoned on two charges of illegally publishing a lottery known as the "Felix Football Double."

It appears that he had printed the lottery for a person named James Power, of Dublin, and it was urged by the defendant that he did not know he was doing anything wrong.

Poor fellow! His excuse that he was entirely innocent of any knowledge of such things as lotteries was not borne out by a letter that Power had sent him, and which he had received, pointing out that the authorities were getting restive over their mutual transaction, and thus putting him on his guard.

The Bench recorded a conviction against Carlton on both charges, stating that, in their opinion, Power had warned him of the risk he was taking, but that, nevertheless, he had decided to take it.

If this were all, Mr. Carlton might be able to go on pretending to be an innocent and lighthearted fellow.

The man behind the scenes

We are able to say that Carlton has worked as manager for a considerable time for a concern called the Paragon Publicity Company, Ltd., the registered offices of which are at Myton Chambers, Myton Street, Hull. He might be suspected of having a fair idea of the kind of business which the Paragon Publicity Company runs, since the man behind it is a notorious crook in the lottery and competition business.

The company itself has a short, but interesting, history. It was registered last September with a nominal capital of £100. Its first subscribers were William Bloomfield, of Newland Grange, Newland, Hull, and his good wife, Ethel.

Mr. Bloomfield holds ninety-nine shares of the hundred, and his spouse is the registered proprietor of the other one. The directors of this trumpery concern, it must be added, are Mr. and Mrs. Bloomfield.

Bloomfield knocks the brewers

Mr. Bloomfield has, in his time, played many parts. He once had an excellent substitute for beer, which he called "Toxale." He told his clients—using the same extravagant phraseology that he now revels in over the paper competition tips he sells for real money—that he really couldn't understand why the Excise authorities had not inquired into the "scientific secret" concerning "Toxale." As a matter of fact, this impudent imposition was a concoction with only 2 per cent. of alcoholic strength.

Since then he has entertained the public with propositions to sell them a bewildering variety of articles with no relation either to tips or tipplers, always excelling in the ambition to bombard innocent victims with unsolicited and unwanted circulars.

An engaging pastime was an offer to sell seeds in return for stamps. When he got the stamps he replied to his dissatisfied clients that his stock of seeds was exhausted. He must have found this business fairly profitable because he issued bulky catalogues at a time when the public policy of this country was to save paper as far as possible.

Mr. Bloomfield has for some considerable time been engaged in trying to persuade the public that if they want to go in for competitions he can show them how to do it.

He does this under the alias of the "Paragon Solutionists," a business situated at the same address as the man-and-wife company to which we have already referred.

He pesters people with his offers of winning lines in competitions. He says that he has on his staff a number of brilliant literary geniuses whom he pays to produce lines likely to win big prizes, and these he sells for varying fees, to people who would like to win fortunes.

Even this is not all. There is also a concern at Myton Chambers called "Football Fortune." It is stated to be an old-established business, and one of the largest of its kind in the kingdom.

For months we have been receiving complaints from readers who have sent winning forecasts to the "Football Fortune" and are unable to get their winnings.

Clients writing for their cash recently received a stereotyped and unsigned letter saying that "we shall be unable to meet our liabilities for a short time," but holding out grand hopes for the future of "Football Fortune."

Football Fortune, it should be added, is another of Mr. Bloomfield's Paragon Publicity Company's "stunts," and it is sad to relate that dissatisfied clients are now being informed that an Official Receiver has been appointed to take over the business, and does not hold out any hopes that claimants will get their money!

There is another interesting point in his career. He was at one time fined for an offence concerning the distribution of turf tipster's circulars.

Carlton's remarkable "innocence"

In short, Mr. Bloomfield must know all there is to be known about the law in regard to competitions and lotteries as well as being thoroughly conversant as to how to make a good living by fee-snatching devices.

That makes it all the more remarkable that Mr. Ernest Carlton, Mr. Bloomfield's manager, did not know he was doing anything wrong in the case in which he has just been prosecuted, and where he was let off so lightly with a fine.

Lessons to Lyrists

Songs that Reach Nowhere

IT was Fletcher of Saltoun who said that if he could write the ballads of a nation he did not care who made its laws.

It is not so easy, however, to achieve this ambition in modern times, and to write a song that will live for ever on the lips of men. There are amateurs who may be nobly inspired with a glorious message. To get that message conveyed to a waiting public is a difficult business.

But there are people prepared to help in this matter. Among them is the Empire Music Publishers, 319, Oxford Street, W.

* * *

When this firm finds an amateur with an inspiration, it comes to his assistance and offers to find a musician who can set his words to music, and a publisher who will help to broadcast it to the world.

But when you get to close quarters in these matters you have to be rather wary. A reader of JOHN BULL wrote a song called "Married Life is all a Business." The Empire Music Publishers, who have a Mayfair telephone number, and whose bankers are Barclays, and who appear to have offices in London, New York and Toronto, informed this author that they were prepared to publish his verses in their sixpennypopular edition, if they were set to acceptable music.

They recommended that the music should be written by Mr. Richard Elton, 19, Mayfield Road, Dalston, N. Mr. Richard Elton was quite prepared to help if he got a fee of five guineas.

* * *

One might suppose that this fee could be deducted from the royalties which would naturally accrue from a song which was so highly thought of by Empire Music Publishers, London, New York and Toronto. This would be a mistake. Enthusiasm for lyrics is an entirely different thing from financial backing for them.

In the circumstances the composer of the words offered to pay the recommended composer his five guineas out of the first royalties. The offer was refused.

Then the publishers were asked to pay the musical composer his fee, and deduct same from the first royalties. This proposal was also refused.

Finally, in a definite effort for a compromise, the musical composer offered to produce the music for two guineas down, and the balance on completion and delivery of the work.

The poet, wishing to be equally considerate, closed with this offer, if he might pay the agreed amount by weekly instalments. This offer was not accepted.

It is, therefore, clear that the chances in the matter of song-writing must always be taken by the man who writes the words rather than who composes the music.

No doubt there are many people who believe that they can write songs. Our correspondence shows that a great proportion of these people part with money in order to have their songs set to music, and, in nine cases out of ten, never get any adequate return.

* * *

The name of Richard Elton has cropped up frequently in other complaints we have received lately to song-writing propositions of this character. There are also many firms whom we have had to criticise, including the Strand Music Company, the Kingsway Music Publishing Company, and the Song Success Syndicate, all of which conduct their business on lines far more favourable to themselves than to their clients.

A Cry from the Heart

Modern Pharisees Indicted

[Philip Inman's article, "A Girl's Tragic Deathbed," has brought into our possession a human document of such poignancy that we reproduce it exactly as we received it.]

I WAS an only child with a father who had remarried. Sixteen years ago I made a slip, which, although not serious, cost me my position and everything I had hoped for; my home-door was slammed in my face. I have heard my father preach hundreds of lay sermons on such subjects as the Prodigal and the Magdalene and hold forth on the forgiving love of the Heavenly Father.

For sixteen years he has closed his heart and ample purse, well knowing that without a little help from himself his son must remain a derelict.

Thus I learned my London. I know it from a West-End drawing room to an East-End doss-house. I have come into personal contact with men of almost every profession, 'varsity and public school men, who, like myself, had come down in the world.

Acting the Good Samaritan

Your account of the girl reminded me of an experience I had in the autumn of 1913. I was earning about 7s. daily at the time, addressing envelopes at Harrods. Walking through Hyde Park, a girl of about twenty put her hand on my arm and said, "Mr. Fred!" After some conversation she turned out to be one of the girls I had taught in my Sunday-school class some years before.

She was down and out. I took her and fed her and found her a bed for the week-end, arranging to meet her on the Sunday to see if I could do more for her. In the meantime, the poor thing took fright, thinking I should communicate with her people. She disappeared, leaving a grateful note for me, which I forwarded to her local-preacher father, in the hope that it would break his heart to forgiveness.

She had been betrayed in her own town, brought to London and abandoned. If you are engaged on rescue or social reform work, you do not need any further examples from me.

Helping the "down and outs"

Charity organisations are touched upon in the same issue of JOHN BULL. I suppose they serve some purpose. I never approached one for assistance, but I have worked as a temporary clerk at three or four of them, and being by profession an accountant, it did not take me long to see that the money paid in by subscribers goes to the extent of 40, 50 and even 60 per cent. in extravagant administration.

Individual and independent work in these directions, to my mind, is more successful than organisations, churches or chapels.

My one remaining ambition in life is that some day, in some manner, I shall be permitted to use my abilities, my experiences and my money, if I possess any, in the alleviation of suffering amongst the sick poor, the "down and outs" and the ostracised.

The present-day Pharisees—fathers or otherwise—who denounce these do not recognise that they perhaps have never been tempted by the sin which caused the fall of their child, and Pharisee-like claim their abstention from such sin as a virtue.

In closing allow me to express the hope that your own work in this direction may bring blessing, and that in that blessing you are made a blessing to others.

A Child's Bastille

Court of Appeal Required

THE unfortunate plight of children who are practically prisoners in our public institutions is a matter that has always aroused the warmest sympathy of our readers.

Unfortunately, it is always very difficult to render effective help.

Take the case of a boy called William Perkins, who is at present detained at Darenth Training Colony, Dartford.

The boy was removed four years ago under the following circumstances. It came to the knowledge of the Kensington Guardians that he was living, owing to the congestion caused by the housing shortage, under conditions that were certainly very undesirable.

He had to sleep in the same room as his sister. The father, who was then living, was told that a prosecution by the guardians would most certainly follow if he could not find separate accommodation for his growing children—the boy being then fourteen and the girl seventeen.

Adoption means detention

In the circumstances he agreed to allow the boy to be taken away and put under the control of the guardians, but it was understood, at least by the family, that he would be detained only until he was sixteen years of age.

He is now eighteen, and his father is dead. Naturally the boy wants his liberty, and his sister, who is now married, is most anxious to help him in this respect.

Her husband, who is earning good money, is able to guarantee immediate employment for the boy if he is released.

It appears, however, that when the boy was taken away he was "adopted" by the Kensington Guardians, and when his brother-in-law, who is anxious to look after him, applied to be allowed to visit Perkins, he was told that no visiting was allowed to an "adopted" boy without a special order from the Kensington Guardians.

Letters have been sent to the Home Office and to the Ministry of Health asking that this case be looked into.

It appears that the boy's sister—Mrs. Pratchett, of 196, Warnington Road, Ladbroke Grove—has been told by a representative of the guardians that the boy is now "mentally defective."

Amateurs versus professionals

It is becoming really quite alarming to find how often this official barrier is raised when it is a question of giving some poor, unhappy child his liberty again.

In many cases that are brought to our notice, as in this one, the suggestion of mental deficiency comes as a shock to the relatives, and is not borne out by the letters written by the child.

On several occasions, of course, relatives have been allowed to visit this boy, but they seem to have been put to a great deal of trouble to arrange such visits. But that is not the real grievance.

They want their boy home. But they are unable to fee medical specialists who might give an entirely different verdict on this question of mental deficiency.

Visiting justices can do very little in this matter, for with the best intentions in the world they have to set their judgment as laymen against that of the medical officers concerned.

There, surely, ought to be some Court of Appeal to which poor people can go to have such a case as this investigated.

AIR MINISTRY: *Amazing Frauds*

Disgraceful Record of Crass Incompetence

Sterner Regulations must be Made

NEW brooms are proverbially supposed to sweep clean. The Air Ministry is a comparatively new institution, but its brooms are not sweeping by any means as effectively as they ought to do.

If this Department of State does not improve its methods, it may ultimately succeed in reaching the bad eminence which Dickens gave to the famous Circumlocution Office.

What private business firm, for example, could carry on successfully if it showed the almost incredible absence of business acumen displayed in the following amazing story?

In July, 1921, a man who had previously served in the Navy applied for a commission in the Royal Air Force, giving particulars of his previous service to the Admiralty.

Colonel Crook as Ministry Accountant!

The Air Ministry made no enquiries of the Admiralty until after it had issued a probationary commission to this officer, and then it learned from the Admiralty that numerous complaints had been received about the conduct and character of this officer, who, since his demobilisation had posed as a lieutenant-colonel, incurred debts, passed worthless cheques, and committed certain frauds either in naval uniform or under the plea of being a naval officer.

Now the amazing thing is that this man was being engaged in work as an accountant under the Air Ministry, and his duties were concerned with handling money. The Air Ministry knew that he was a bad character, who had committed frauds, but had calmly left him alone to handle the cash of the nation! Apparently it did not even warn his commanding officer confidentially of the man's record.

What might have been expected happened. The officer falsified his accounts and made away with nearly £735 of public money. He was convicted and sentenced to three years' penal servitude. About £160 was got back from him as withheld pay, but there are many people who will think that the balance of the money ought to be got back, also as withheld pay, from the higher officials who in the face of the knowledge they possessed allowed this man to go on in a position of confidence.

There are many other remarkable stories of losses due to theft, fraud, larceny or gross neglect, which cost the country last year thousands of pounds. A case involving some hundreds of pounds was due to systematic frauds carried out by airmen-clerks acting in collusion, who prepared and forged signatures to documents necessary for the settlement of the accounts of discharged airmen.

The Rt. Hon. Sir Samuel Hoare, Minister for Air

In another case, when a R.A.F. officer was lying sick in hospital in Germany, a temporary official was entrusted with some £30 to take to him. He did not take it, but put it in his pocket. No better arrangements, we are told, were possible for safeguarding the money, and subsequent efforts to recover it were fruitless.

In ordinary business life this would be regarded as a very thin story, but in official circles it is apparently wiped out under the cover of that saving phrase, "Owing to the exigencies of the Service."

Naughty natives who "camped out"

A base in Egypt, which was temporarily closed down, was left in charge of natives under the supervision of an embarkation officer. The result was that camp equipment and medical stores, valued at over £1,000, disappeared. Two natives were sentenced to imprisonment, and the embarkation officer was dismissed the Service.

There are many other mysteries that ought to be elucidated, including the loss of nearly £5,000 worth of stock, about which the only official explanation given is that this deficiency was due largely to "confusion of nomenclature."

As the Air Ministry spends over sixteen millions a year, it is obvious that the greatest care must be taken that this new Department does not tolerate carelessness of the kind we have pointed out in its administration. It is to be observed that very considerable sums are paid out by the Air Ministry as "awards to inventors." The Sopworth Aviation & Engineering Co., for example, received £40,000 for the Cuckoo, Dolphin, Salamander and Snipe aeroplanes. Short Bros., Ltd., received £5,000 for Short seaplanes and spares.

Crude oil and crude methods

We have no doubt that the country received very good value from these awards. But it is not so clear that the system is equally good under which contracts are made by the Air Ministry. Last year, for example, it purchased between three and four million pounds' worth of aeroplanes, seaplanes and engines as the result of single tenders only instead of by competitive tenders. The explanation given is that no other system is possible under the conditions of aeronautical development obtaining up to the present. We hope, however, that this problem will be kept under continuous review and a return to the normal practice be made at the earliest possible moment.

Generating sets designed to run on crude petroleum oil in Mesopotamia were bought for £15,000. Completion of payment for the sets was delayed because they failed to operate satisfactorily on crude oil, but even now the engines do not work satisfactorily and cost out of all proportion for repairs and spare parts on which already between two and three thousand pounds have been spent.

In a new Service it is possibly not easy to put administration at once on a satisfactory basis, but some of the scandals were certainly avoidable.

Ludwin's Duds

Radio References that Count for Nothing

IN the interests of business confidence, wireless firms have felt justified in criticising the policy of a company called Importex, Ltd., of 122, Bunhill Row, E.C.1, who have recently broadcast orders throughout the trade, giving as references Darag (London), Ltd., 8, Southampton Row, W.C., and the Lancashire Trading Co., 25, Budge Row, E.C.1.

A preference for "rows" is not the only point of similarity between these three companies. The principal director of Importex, Ltd., is a gentleman of the name of Naum Abram Ludwin, a Russian, of 74, St. George's Road, Victoria. In Darag (London), Ltd., we have a Norman Abraham Ludwin, while in the Lancashire Trading Co. figures one Anatole Ivan Zaitzeff, who also lives at 74, St. George's Road, Victoria, and who claims the same country of origin as his house-mate.

* * *

Since, in addition to the same private address, there is a firm of the name of Zaitzeff and Co. at the same offices as Importex, Ltd., and another Zaitzeff and Co. plate next to that of the Lancashire Trading Co. in Budge Row, it is obvious to the most casual observer that if Ludwin and Zaitzeff are not half-brothers, as rumour says they are, they are at least very close acquaintances.

* * *

They were, in fact, at one time partners, having set up in business at 12, Hackins Hey, Liverpool, some eight years ago as Zaitzeff and Ludwin. They came to London when the firm of N. A. Ludwin and Co. was formed in 1919, but in 1923 this company ceased to operate, the business being taken over by a private limited company called the General Distributing and Trading Co., Ltd.

The new company did not prosper, a receiver being appointed in 1924, nor did a concern called the British and Overseas Dental Supplies Co., Ltd., of which Ludwin was also a director.

It is surprising, therefore, to find that in less than three weeks after Ludwin had commenced business as Importex, Ltd., Zaitzeff's firm, the Lancashire Trading Co., Ltd., which was formed in September, 1924, should have seen fit to give them a reference as if they were a company of some standing.

The reference which Ludwin, as Darag (London), Ltd., gave to himself as Importex, Ltd., was much more glowing.

Since we have gone into this matter, Darag (London), Ltd., has apparently realised the impropriety of giving a good reference to another firm in which their principal director is interested, and have now written to various firms saying they are sorry they cannot give any "credit" information regarding Messrs. Importex, Ltd., as Mr. N. A. Ludwin, a director of Importex, Ltd., is also a director of their concern.

* * *

It is a pity that this was not thought of before, particularly as a bill transaction for £7,000 was called in question at a meeting of the creditors of a firm whose principal had accepted them.

For the sake of the wireless industry, which has been severely hit by bankruptcies in recent months, we trust that further statements will be forthcoming of a reassuring nature.

The Sentence of the Court

WHEELS AND WOES

A Fare Deal Wanted
by HARRISON OWEN

CHARGED with obstructing the permanent way to prosperity, Sir Felix Pole and Sir R. L. Wedgwood, managers of the Great Western and the London and North Eastern Railways, pleaded "Not Guilty" with impressive unanimity.

"I should like to be able to say," began Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "that the only sleepers upon our railways are those upon which the lines are laid; but every now and again a human railway sleeper awakes and agitatedly declares that some line or other is not paying and 'something will have to be done.' Unfortunately with them 'something' rarely takes the form of anything more helpful or original than a howl to reduce wages, a threat of wholesale sacking, or a wail against the 'unfair' tactics of more wideawake rivals.

"THE G.W.R. announces that, unless its employees agree to a suspension of the forty-eight-hour week or reduced pay for all grades, all-round dismissals may be necessary. The North Eastern complains of omnibus and charabanc competition, and makes the quaint assertion: 'We maintain that this competition is unfair.' I do not doubt that a similar wail went up from stage-coach proprietors when 'Puffing Billy' made its appearance, but I fear we cannot abolish 'buses and charabancs. Instead of blaming new-fangled inventions for consequences produced by their old-fashioned methods, or trying to save their faces by sacking their hands, the railway panjandrums should pay more attention to their wheels and less to their woes.

"Over many routes catered for by the North Eastern, omnibus services are available at almost half the railway fares. If the public is using the railways as little as possible it is because they object to the railway habit of charging as much as possible. Not only are fares and rates 50 per cent. above pre-war level, but services have been curtailed and various privileges — such as reduced fares for return journeys—have been abolished."

* * *

MR. STRAWSPLITTER said that the railway companies were entitled to fix rates and fares at such prices as they thought would bring in their 1913 revenues, but, unfortunately, they did not have the sole right of fixing wages, and were not even permitted to "fix" omnibus owners so that they would no longer be a source of annoyance. To hear his learned friend talk one would imagine that railway shareholders were descendants of Dick Turpin, and that it was as easy to bring down fares as it was to bring off cheap debating points.

* * *

"If some of the railways seem to be approaching a dead-end," said Mr. Justice Bull, "it is because of their habit of beginning things at the wrong end. They pocket their gains when times are prosperous and expect their employees to bear the losses in times of depression. As for motor vehicles, these have come to stay, and, instead of taking the count, the railway managers should take counter-measures to meet the new competition. In these strenuous days none but the brave deserve the fare, and although we are told that trade follows the flag, it certainly does not follow the white flag. Unless the prisoners justify their salaries by evolving a scheme for reorganising their companies within six months they will be sentenced to transportation for life in a third-class carriage."

Not for Publication

C.I.D. SPIES

Baiting the Bolshies
by "CENSOR"

I GLEANED a few interesting facts about Scotland Yard's latest activities the other evening. You are aware, of course, that the biggest industrial struggle in the history of this country is promised for the coming autumn. Well, Moscow is receiving regular weekly bulletins on the situation from British Communists, and the Soviet Government is now preparing to launch its biggest propaganda offensive.

The "Yard," however, has the matter well in hand—and my C.I.D. friend informs me that there is not a single Communist group of any size in Great Britain that hasn't an official "agent" among its members! Sir Borlase Childs' department is busier than it has been since the palmy war years of Sir Basil Thomson.

* * *

BUT Bolshevism is not the sole refractory element we are up against at the moment. We have just received a resounding slap in the face from Fascism. Without going into too many details, the story is as follows:

A Special Commissioner has lately arrived in Europe from the U.S.A. His duty is to "sound" the various Governments on the matter of war-debts. America is most anxious to find out not only our respective abilities to pay, but also, and chiefly, our *intentions*.

So far as England is concerned his job has been simple. He has merely discussed ways and means of making our position as Uncle Sam's bailiff in Europe more patent and definite than ever. Owing to France's momentary political *impasse*, he has failed to get any promises out of her.

But his visit to Mussolini happened to coincide with the visit of our own representative on a similar round of duty. Both of them were closeted with the Italian Prime Minister for several hours. This is what Italy's "strong man" said to America: "Since your Government has permitted several of her Southern States to repudiate war-debts contracted over fifty years ago, will it not extend the same courtesy to us?"

This is what he said to our representative: "I shall be in a position to pay my debt to you when Italy has captured all England's markets for cotton piece goods." Then he added, with an amused shrug, "I really can't help it; but it is certain that if you want to get your money, you must lose your trade."

* * *

WHILE on the subject of trade, a friend of mine in the Ministry of Labour tells me that Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland, though favourably impressed by Sir Alfred Mond's suggestion that the dole should be used to create work, will not commit himself. Quite apart from the fact that, ultimately, it is a question to be decided by the Treasury, another big scheme for financing production has just been laid before the Cabinet, sponsored by two or three captains of industry.

* * *

Mention of the Treasury reminds me that when this article appears England will be ringing with the Budget. I have no doubt most people imagine that the Chancellor has been spending the recess with furrowed brow among financial statements, his mind absorbed in figures to the exclusion of all else. These people little know their Winston. I happened to be dining at a house where he was among the guests, and during the evening he was discussing the life of the first Duke of Marlborough, whose biography he hopes to write.

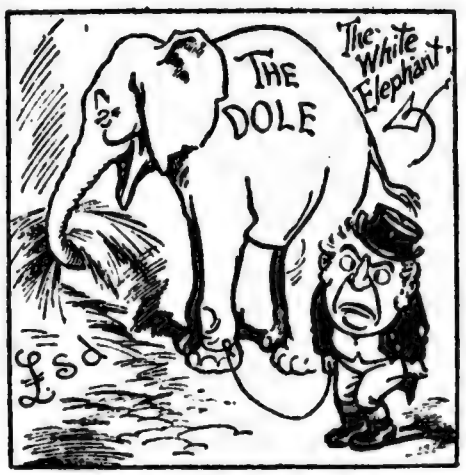
The Right Hon. Sir A. Steel-Maitland, M.P.

And I heard his wife say that the German presidential election has been taking up *a lot* of his attention!

Cartoonettes and Topical Jingles

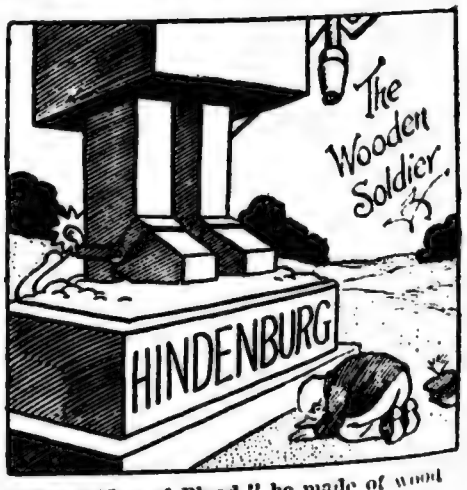
by FRANK HOLLAND

The lion's mane you've trimmed again,
But, pray, why do you stop?
To set the pace in world's trade race
He needs a closer crop.



No wonder John looks woebegone
And down-at-heel and seedy,
While he is blest with such a guest
He always will be needy.

It looks as tho' Auckland and Co.
Are mixing up the whitewash,
If that is so they ought to know
That sort of thing won't QUITE wash.



The "Man of Blood" he made of wood
Still Fritz's fancy captures.
Once more one sees him on his knees
In reverential raptures.

If It Had Been My Budget

IN this article Mr. Snowden reveals for the first time the lines on which he was preparing his second Budget. More than national interest will be aroused by this declaration of a policy that will go down to posterity as a landmark in political history

by The Rt. Hon.
PHILIP SNOWDEN, M.P.
(Mr. Churchill's predecessor as Chancellor)

WHAT sort of Budget would the country have been discussing to-day if the Labour Government had remained in office? Last year's Budget was obviously intended to prepare the way for financial schemes of a fundamental character. That Budget had to be presented to Parliament within a few weeks of the Labour Government taking office, and it was clearly impossible to do more in that Budget than to indicate the general lines of Labour's financial policy.

The instrument of taxation is the most potent at the disposal of a Government which seeks to redress social evils and inequalities. The Labour view is that taxation should be used, not merely to meet unavoidable public expenditure, but to divert national wealth into more productive and beneficial channels.

A Labour Government, which had before it the prospect of four or five years of office, would frame a financial programme, to be carried out in that period, which would be in accordance with the Party's aim of gradually transferring unearned wealth from private to public use.

Removing social evils

A Labour Budget would do nothing to impair national credit, and it would never impose taxation unless it had some useful purpose to which the proceeds were to be devoted.

But terrible social evils cry aloud for treatment, and big schemes of national reconstruction wait the attention of a courageous Government. These will cost a great deal of money; and the money can be found through a Budget which will ruthlessly, but justly, tax vast accumulations of wealth and all forms of unearned incomes.

In spite of the very large remissions of taxation made in last year's Budget, where the burden of taxation was most heavily felt, there still remains much to be done by way of relieving the working and lower middle-classes. A general reduction of the income-tax goes in the main to the wealthy classes, and increases the personal expenditure on wasteful luxury.

Taxing the children

The income-tax is oppressive upon people of moderate means. In the case of the professional man, the salaried official, the small business man, who have family responsibilities, the income-tax at its present rate is a real deprivation of necessaries, and prevents them giving their children good education and training.

Greater differentiation between "earned and unearned" incomes, an increase of the personal allowances, and of allowances for children, would give substantial and much-needed relief. What practically amounted to a pledge was given in the Budget debates last year that these reforms would be proposed in the next Budget.

An all-round reduction of 6d. in the £ on the income-tax would relieve the married man with three children earning £500 a year by the sum of £1 13s. 9d. only, whereas the single man with an unearned income of £10,000 a year would benefit to the extent of £240 a year.

Last year's Budget halved the food taxes. That was the first step to their total abolition. The principal food tax still remaining is the sugar duty. This is an iniquitous tax. Sugar is not only a valuable food, but it is the raw material of one of our great industries which employs a vast number of people.

The reduction of the sugar duty made last year has gone wholly to the benefit of the consumers, and a Labour Budget this year, in all probability, would have swept away the duty altogether. This would have cost far less than a reduction of 6d. in the income-tax, and the benefit to industry would have been far greater.

The tax remissions already indicated could have been carried out from reductions of expenditure and from the anticipated increased yield of certain existing taxes.

Pensions for adversity

But the Labour Government was definitely committed to a number of reform schemes which would cost considerable sums. It had a big scheme for the extension of secondary schools. It was pledged to introduce a system of widows' pensions, and to further amend the Old-Age Pensions Acts. It had in hand a great scheme of electrical development which would have cost at least £10,000,000, spread over three years.

If the Parliament of last year had not come to an end, this year's Budget would have made provision for all these three schemes of reform. That would have involved additional taxation. That additional taxation would have been imposed upon accumulated wealth and large unearned incomes, and upon the unearned increment value of land.

The Rt. Hon. Philip Snowden

In looking round for additional revenue a Labour Chancellor of the Exchequer would first turn his attention to the possibility of increased yield from the estate duties. This is a form of taxation, not only in full harmony with Labour principles, but one for which there is growing sympathy among all classes, not least among those whose families would be affected by an increase in the duties.

The social conscience has been quickened in a remarkable degree during the last thirty years on the question of inheritance. Rich men, who have accumulated great fortunes by enterprise and activity, are beginning to look with horror upon the possible demoralisation of their children, by inheriting vast wealth they have never earned and which may condemn them to lives of idleness and dissipation.

Those idle rich!

There is, too, a rapidly growing feeling that whatever may be said for a man being encouraged to make as much money as he can by his own efforts in his own lifetime, it is bad both for the individual and for society that people should inherit vast wealth they have never earned, and which relieves them from the necessity of working, and enables them to live in luxury out of other people's labours. Inheritance is opposed to the principle on which every democratic State should be founded—namely, that every able-bodied adult should be a useful worker.

In addition to all the moral objections to the inheritance of great wealth, there are two very practical arguments which support the claim of the State to take a much larger share of property left at death. The first is that the State needs money to improve the lot of the children, the widows, the infirm, the needy, and for industrial reconstruction. The second is that the State has helped to make these private fortunes, which have been accumulated under the protection of the laws.

At present, the State takes an average of 14 per cent. of the net capital value of all estates passing at death. The rates of duty vary from 1 per cent. to 40 per cent. An estate of £100,000 pays £14,000 duty; one of £5,000,000 pays £2,000,000 duty.

The estate and death duties last year produced £59,450,000, which was nearly two millions more than in the previous year. Accumulations of wealth are increasing year by year.

If this year's Budget had imposed an average increase of one-third in the rates of estate duties an additional revenue of £20,000,000 would be obtained, and this would have left a net sum of £360,000,000 to be inherited by the dead persons' heirs! The possibilities of further increases in these duties would have been by no means exhausted.

Back to the land!

A Labour Budget this year would have certainly raised in a very definite way the right of the community to possess the unearned increment in land values. Of all the scandals and wrongs which an indifferent public tolerate none is more glaring than the fact that they allow the private landowner to sit still and get fat on the increasing value of land, which is made by the expenditure of public money, and by the enterprise and labour of the community.

Improved means of transport are turning rural areas into semi-urban districts. Farms become "eligible plots for building purposes" at ten or twenty times the price of a year before. To provide the amenities of life vast expenditure on roads, public health requirements, schools, and a hundred other needs has to be met by local rates.

If the community had the increment of land values, which is morally, and economically, their property, there would be no complaint about heavy local rates.

The proposals for taxing site values made in the Budget of 1909 failed because of their weak, complicated and cumbersome character. A scheme is possible which would be simple and effective. Such a scheme would have been put before Parliament in the second Labour Budget. It would have proposed a plan by which the national exchequer and the municipalities would have jointly shared in the proceeds of the taxing and rating of site values.

A Labour Budget on the lines of the suggestions made in this article would have aroused keen and bitter controversy. But it would at least have saved Parliament and politics from falling into the state of stupor in which they are at present.

My second Budget

Such a Budget would have greatly relieved those taxpayers who suffer at present most seriously from heavy burdens. It would have provided funds for urgent social reforms which all Parties profess to favour. It would have done something to redress social inequalities. It would have made a big beginning towards securing socially created wealth for social purposes. The Budget would have been the second of a series of Budgets framed on definite principles with definite aims.

Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To the Rt. Hon. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., Minister of Health.

DEAR SIR,—I wish to bring to your notice the fact that, although several weeks have elapsed since the new regulations to ensure clean meat for the public came into force, 50 per cent. of retail meat-vendors are ignoring them. Both shops and stalls are still exposing meat to the dust of the streets and markets. Worse, still, some shops keep the better joints behind glass, but expose the cheaper portions as usual. This makes the Ministry a laughing-stock. If you make regulations, see that they are enforced.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir WM. JOYNSON-HICKS, M.P., Home Secretary.

DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—Hardly a week passes without some fresh revelation of the terrible effects of methylated spirit drinking. At Liverpool the other day three women charged at the city police-court had drunk themselves by this means to the verge of insanity. It would surely be a simple matter to enact that this useful commercial product should be rendered absolutely non-drinkable before being offered for sale. May I have your undertaking that legislation for this purpose shall be introduced without delay?

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir L. WORTHINGTON-EVANS, M.P., Secretary of State for War.

SIR,—Are you aware of an old-established rifle range known as Browndown, that when in use sends stray shots from machine guns hurtling over Lee and the Solent, splashing into the water in and around the pier? There have never been any casualties owing to regulations strictly forbidding firing except at stated times. These regulations are now relaxed and human beings or vessels coming into range do so at their own risk. What amazing Junkerism is this? You must see that the regulations are put back again.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. JUSTICE SWIFT, Royal Courts of Justice.

DEAR SIR,—In dismissing a petition for divorce, you remarked that not only were one half of present-day cases the outcome of a collusive arrangement but that, in this particular case, you would consider sending the papers to the Public Prosecutor. You are within your rights in doing this, but the divorce law lags far behind public opinion, and morality is not promoted by forcing people to keep to bonds that have become chains.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. CLARKE HALL, Magistrate, Old Street.

DEAR SIR,—Your plan to sit in Shoreditch Town Hall at a stated time each week, so that any one can see you privately before the sitting of the juvenile court is splendid. Any question relating to child welfare may be discussed, and may result in turning many potential jail-birds into decent young citizens.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. J. T. EDWARDS, Vice-President, North Wales Miners' Association.

DEAR SIR,—The Vauxhall Colliery experiment is proving a success. "We are working six days a week, and getting more money than before," declare the colliers. I am pleased to note that whatever future line is taken by the Miners' Association, you intend to stick by the men. Good luck to you all.

JOHN BULL.

To H. W. W. WILBERFORCE, Esq., Marylebone Police Court.

DEAR SIR,—We have a right to expect a better understanding of ordinary human nature than was shown in your recent curiously inept enquiry—"What other reason than mental deficiency can there be for a boy gambling with cards and dice?" Surely, it should be obvious that when a boy does such things he is merely imitating the example of his elders. To talk about "mental deficiency" in such a connection is surely sheer nonsense.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir JAMES CANTLIE, K.B.E., Harley Street, London.

DEAR SIR,—I notice you have been pouring ridicule on food faddist rules which are intended to prolong life to the century. In your view, starvation diet, living by charts, and dread of death is "tomfoolery." I heartily agree. If more stress was laid on the value of a man's life to the community, and less upon his personal anxiety to keep breath in his body until he fades out in senile decay, we might recapture some of the national spirit of energy and enterprise we seem to have lost

JOHN BULL.

To the CHAIRMAN of MAGISTRATES, Northampton.

SIR,—With the remark that "Children must be protected" you imposed a mere fine of £10 on Herbert Edgeley, a bootmaker, charged with improperly assaulting a ten-year-old girl. What sort of protection is this? If the charge was not fully proved it ought to have been dismissed; but if the conviction was justified it was your duty to impose an exemplary sentence. It is the failure of magistrates to administer the law with proper severity that accounts for the prevalence of this class of crime.

JOHN BULL.

To the STIPENDIARY MAGISTRATE, Grimsby, Lincs.

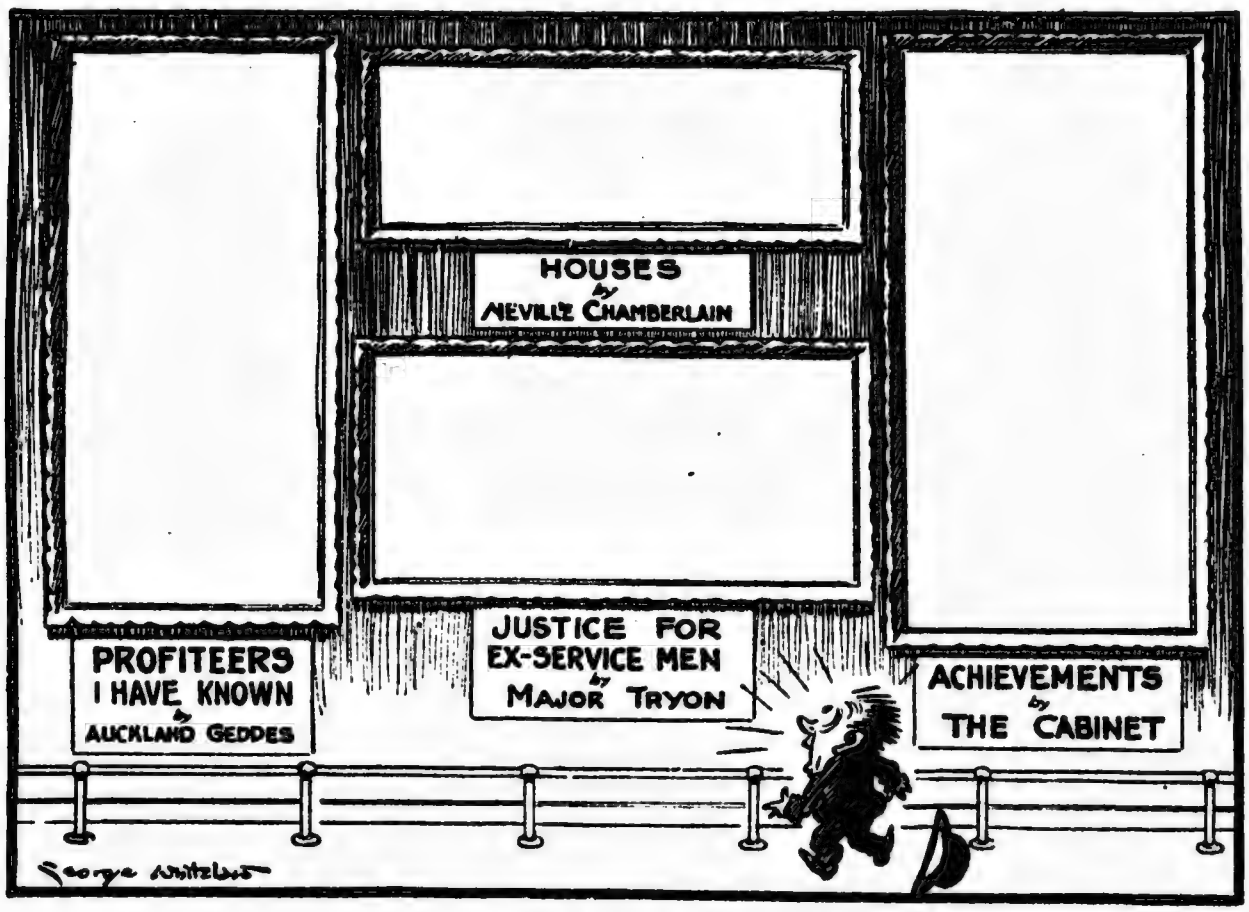
DEAR SIR,—When three little eleven-year-old boys were brought before you charged with stealing a missionary box, you made the terrible discovery that one of them had been previously convicted four times and birched twice. You took the commendable line of refusing further punishment, and imposed, instead, fines on the parents. Parents irresponsible enough to bring children into the world and leave them to drift into menaces to the community must be brought to their senses. I notice you think they ought to be birched. There's something to be said for your point of view.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. JOHN GRAHAM, Coroner for Chester Ward (Durham).

DEAR SIR,—Upon you devolved the gruesome duty of taking formal evidence of the hanging of two murderers who together paid the extreme penalty in Durham Prison. You took the opportunity to express your disapproval of capital punishment, believing it to be no deterrent. You suggested other means of punishment that would be more successful, and would not leave the blood of a culprit upon the hands of his legal executioners. Your age, ninety years, has given you experience that entitles your views to respect.

JOHN BULL.


HOUSES by NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN
PROFITEERS I HAVE KNOWN by AUCKLAND GEDDES
JUSTICE FOR EX-SERVICE MEN by MAJOR TRYON
ACHIEVEMENTS by THE CABINET

ALL THEIR OWN WORK!

(A private view of this year's Royal Academy takes place next Saturday.)

Straight from the Shoulder

HON. W. ORMESBY-GORE:—"Imperial Preference is more important than home protection."

And Free Trade in exports and imports most important of all.

• • •

SIR H. NIELD:—"Personal liberty is in danger because of laws passed by noisy faddists."

A few noisy faddists cannot pass laws. You talk nonsense.

• • •

MR. GILBERT FRANKAU:—"If I had my way I would not let a woman come into my books at all."

What a pity you let one come into your life when you were born!

• • •

J. BROMLEY, M.P.:—"We can carry out all reforms necessary in this country without cracking heads."

And without the endless disputes that wreck industry.

• • •

MR. W. R. WATSON:—"An age of candour is an age of criticism rather than creation."

And criticism is the only factor that keeps creation from running riot.

Without Fear or Favour

GRAVE INSURANCE RAMP

The Betrayal

ON another page we publish a powerful article by General Crozier, who points to a simple way by which the promises made to the men who risked everything for their country can still be redeemed.

Politicians have short memories—or, perhaps, the real truth is that they believe the public have short memories. In any case, they are very willing to forget the promises they made.

We are not willing to forget. We do not intend to let the politicians forget.

We shall not cease from our agitation until we have seen the war-maimed obtain the redress that is their due. General Crozier's indictment should be a starting-point for a nation-wide campaign for justice.

We have in our memory, as we write, some of the posters that covered the hoardings in 1914.

"A grateful country will never forget you," was one. What cynical mockery must such a memory seem to the maimed and broken men who believed that the politicians were telling the truth!

There is another poster that comes to our mind. Beneath a picture of Scottish beauty was the slogan: "Isn't this worth fighting for?"

It seemed so then; but the men who fought for the land are now denied access to it. Who blames them when, broken, hungry and outcast, they retort that it was not worth fighting for?

Promises, definite pledges were made to these men. They have not been honoured, though they were made in the name of the nation.

The politicians do not represent the nation. The people are as determined as ever to see justice done.

The ex-Serviceman has been betrayed. He must—and shall—have redress.

Sheer Impudence

SINCE we exposed last week the amazing way in which post-war Governments have treated — or, rather, mistreated — air-raid victims, there has come into our possession a piece of information that for calculated insolence has rarely been surpassed.

Not content with denying claimants their just due and misappropriating its clients' moneys, the Government now proposes to apply the whole of the United Kingdom's share of German reparations to the reduction of the French and Allied debt to this country.

French claimants for compensation for war damage have long since received satisfaction from the French Government. Mr. Churchill now proposes to refund to the French Government the moneys they have so disbursed.

While British claimants are either contemptuously ignored, or treated as though they were the recipients of outdoor relief, it is proposed to pay part of the French debt to this country with money that is the property of the British taxpayer!

We do not like sharp practice, whether performed by Governments or individuals. And, as we not infrequently remark, the best place for justice to begin is at home.

Silence is Golden

BECAUSE they are unaware of their rights, thousands of poor people are on the point of losing money due to them from the multi-millionaire insurance companies. We show them here how to get what is theirs

IT is an amazing thing that both Parliament and the Press have been persistently silent over a matter in which millions of pounds have been taken from the poor and transferred into the pockets of multi-millionaire insurance companies.

This journal has done its best to throw light on this grave scandal, and, as there are still some weeks during which justice may be done to innocent sufferers, we propose here to tell the facts shortly and bluntly.

When the Great War broke out, the Government very properly took certain steps to protect people who had taken out insurances against the possibility of losing their money because they might not be able to pay the premiums. The soldier at the war, for example, could scarcely be expected to remember and to pay his weekly contributions for industrial insurance.

Lord Cave, the Lord Chancellor, whose attention we draw to our remarks in this article.

It was therefore enacted by the Courts Emergency Powers Act that no policy of life assurance under £25 face value, which had been in existence for two years before the war, should be allowed to lapse because, after and during the war, there was any failure to pay the premiums.

The Act was a well-intended measure. It protected the soldier in the trenches. But it did not tell him that he was being protected and, as a consequence, for the most part he did not know it.

The result was that hundreds of thousands of policies lapsed because the people concerned did not know the rights that this special law had conferred upon them.

THE insurance companies did not take the trouble to inform all their policy-holders of the protection which the Government had given them. We think they ought to have done so. But, by adopting a policy of dignified silence, they stood to gain.

It has been calculated that when the protecting date fixed by the Act expired (March 7, 1924), some four million policies lapsed, upon which perhaps twenty million pounds had been paid as premiums.

In other words, the multi-millionaire insurance companies lifted twenty million pounds out of the pockets of the very poor—the people who insure themselves for less than £25, and who cannot afford to pay a premium of more than 2d. or 3d. a week. These are exactly the class of people whom the State should protect.

Now what we want to make clear is this—that if any person who was insured before August 4, 1912, for a sum of less than £25, and whose policy was still in force when war broke out, has died between that date and March 7, 1924, a claim can be made by the relatives for the money under this policy, less arrears of premiums which must be deducted.

LET us give an example. In the year 1905 Mrs. West, of Hessle, near Hull, insured her family and paid the premium for about ten years, when, owing to the death of her husband, she was unable to pay the premiums. In 1922, her son was killed at his work.

She did not know anything of the Emergency Powers Act and made no claim. The insurance company told her nothing of her rights. Now a claim has been made for her and it has been admitted.

There are hundreds of thousands of claims like this. Why does not Parliament pass a short Act compelling the insurance companies to give notice to the poor people whose money they are withholding?

It is a great discouragement to thrift when people of the class who are affected in this matter find that they are shabbily treated and actually robbed. And to encourage thrift is surely our public policy.

Parliament has an obligation in this business, for the careless drafting of the law enabled the conspiracy of profitable silence to succeed.

Fat Boy Again

THE one certain thing about Lord Rothermere is that he can be relied upon to run true to form. If there is any suggestion that would make for progress, or that would make the life of the worker more bearable, the *Daily Mail* will be found leading the attack against it.

There is some hope at last that the much-delayed Factory Bill will be forthcoming, and his lordship will have none of it.

It matters less than nothing to the *Daily Mail* that in thousands of factories and workshops the conditions are scandalous. It matters nothing that in countless instances human lives are being ground out solely for lack of a little humanitarian legislation.

To the *Daily Mail* any such humane proposals are merely "a blend of sloppy Socialism and half-baked sentimentalism" which threatens to be deadly to industry.

Determined at any cost to make our flesh creep, the Fat Boy shrieks that "the new Bill will multiply the huge army of men and women now out of work, because it quite arbitrarily increases the amount of air-space which must be provided for each worker from 250 to 400 cubic feet."

Apart from the fact that, at the moment, not even the *Daily Mail* knows what the new Bill proposes to do, we cannot see that to give every worker an adequate breathing-space is an unholy plot of "red and pink propagandists, labour unions, sociological spinsters, politicians and economic quacks."

There is profiteering in human lives just as there is profiteering in food, and an adequate Factory Bill is a stern necessity.

Capital Folly

AFTER going round the world, Sir Meyrick Hollins, a director of the Amalgamated Cotton Trust, says that the high prices of Lancashire cotton goods are everywhere the greatest factor against them.

This is indisputably true, but why did he not expose one of the chief reasons for these high prices?

After the war there was an invasion of Lancashire by financial speculators. Mills were snapped up, old family firms were bought out at prices that seemed as fantastic to the recipients as they were in reality, and these concerns were then refloated on a huge scale.

It is surely obvious that dividends on this inflated capital go on to the price of goods.

By restricting output Lancashire has kept up profits—but short time means short wages and foreigners selling where Lancashire sold before.

We agree with Sir Meyrick Hollins that this cannot go on indefinitely. Lancashire is one of the main arteries of British trade, and, unless it is functioning efficiently, British trade is clearly in the doldrums.

The remedy is for the manufacturers to do the bold thing and write down their "watered" capital. It is the only way to restore prosperity to the industry.

Blind to the World!

THERE is a startling figure mentioned in this article, calculated to make every one of us sit up and rub his eyes. Let our readers follow our contributor's words and see whether that figure does not startle them. And let them see whether they do not agree with the conclusion

by
"A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER"

The Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin, Prime Minister, to whom we commend the cogent remarks contained in this article

TO go through the great manufacturing cities of the British Isles at the present time is to be conscious at every turn, and in the very air, of a glum depression, such as that which weighs down our spirits in the waiting-room of a surgeon. Just as the fine furniture, the rare ornaments, the interesting pictures and the beautiful flowers in the surgeon's waiting-room fail to enliven our gloom, or to ease the strain of our anxiety, so the brisk movement of traffic, the brilliant shops, the gaudy fronts of theatres, and the loud cries of hastening newsboys fail in these crowded cities to lift from the mind its burden of depression.

We know that British industry is not in a healthy condition. We know that the goods which the British manufacturer sends abroad in exchange for our food are falling every year in quantity. We know that many thousands of the people who pass us in the streets are working only half-time. We know that while wages are falling the cost of living still imposes a strain on the man in full work to keep the wolf from the door.

Less attention to children than to cats and dogs

We know from the look in the unwashed faces of thousands and thousands of bareheaded, barefooted and ragged children going by in gangs that they are receiving neither from parents nor from schoolmasters such attention as is given by a kind master to his dog or by a kind mistress to her cat.

An angry feeling creeps into our heart. How is it that the people who have built up across the sea the greatest empire of which history bears record are here at home in every way so miserable and hard pressed, so stricken by cruel poverty and so visibly marked by sordid and shoddy care?

Why is there mutiny in their eyes and not triumph? Why do their lips express bitterness instead of sure happiness? Why do we hear foul oaths and brutal speech from these ragged children instead of laughter and cheerfulness from the most radiant children in the world?

It is all wrong. Something is working us a deadly mischief. No Act of Parliament, we feel, can lift us out of this slough of despond and set our feet on dry land. For such unnatural misery and such widespread degradation of human life, we realise that a change of soul is necessary if the nation is to survive.

Income reduced, taxes increased

Then there comes to the mind, as we look at the fierce faces and listen to the fierce language of these British children, the question, Are we living sanely? That is to say, are we behaving in this time of crisis as any sane person would behave who finds his income reduced and the strain upon his resources increased by the tax-gatherer? Are we cutting down our expenditure? Are we sacrificing every luxury and every non-essential? Are we handling the whole circumstances of our life with earnest intelligence and unfaltering courage?

How much money did we spend last year on alcohol? We know that times are hard, and we must not expect to find that the spirit-merchant and brewer are flourishing as they may be expected to flourish in days of rich prosperity; we must surely expect to find a drop in the sum spent by the British nation on alcoholic drink. But what do we find? Amazing discovery! We spent on drink last year £316,000,000—nearly ten millions more than we spent in 1923. £316,000,000 on alcohol!

Damaged tissues, weakened organs

There is an outcry, natural and righteous—I would indeed it were fiercer and stronger—against the vast sum spent on armaments in 1923. That sum amounted to £120,500,000. But at least we can see something for our money in this respect.

We can see ships and barracks, airplanes and aerodromes, thousands of young men trained to be fit in body and alert in mind. If an enemy came we could at least defend ourselves. If there was an invasion of India or Australia we could at least make an effort to repel it. But who will show us the value for our £316,000,000 spent on alcohol?

Ask any qualified man of science who has made a study of these matters and he will tell you that the only marks left by that vast expenditure of money are to be found in the damaged tissues and the weakened vital organs of the human body. Ask any experienced magistrate, social worker, or district nurse, and they will point you to other marks left by that pouring out of £316,000,000 on alcohol—to ragged and underfed children, to homes fouler than the lair of a wild beast, to awful brutality between husband and wife, to crime of every kind, and even to the collapse of the human soul in madness.

Are we, then, behaving as a sane people, pouring all this money, at a time of terrible depression, into a channel which works us such deadly harm? For every pound we spent on milk, which is both food and drink, we spent nearly three pounds on beer, which is a questionable drug as well as a brief stimulant. Is that the action of a sane people?

There is no great harm, perhaps none at all, in a moderate use of beer or wine; but I maintain that one of the first things which a man who is hard pressed for money would cut clean out of his expenditure is the drug called alcohol.

I am bold enough to say this—that any man (I care not what the nature of his work) who spends money on drink while his wife and children are insufficiently fed and clothed is lower in the moral scale than any creature on the face of the earth. He is "blind to the world" in more ways than he thinks.

Drowsy torpor to soul-saving sanity

Let me beg all readers of this paper to use their influence at the present time in the cause of temperance, making it something of a passion to bring the mind of our multitudes round from drowsy torpor to health-giving and soul-saving sanity. If ever a crusade were necessary in the history of the human race, it is surely this crusade for sane thinking and right living at the heart of the British Empire.

If a slogan is wanted, let it be "Women and Children First." No politician can give us a greater Britain and a happier people. To escape from our present miseries each one of us must grapple with his own soul and observe the moral law as carefully as an engineer must observe the law of mathematics.

SACK THA

The sentence of death invests the vilest criminal with a romantic halo

A BILL to abolish Capital Punishment has been submitted to Parliament. I think it should be passed. The time has come in this country's mental development when the deliberate judicial breaking of a human being's neck by hanging has ceased to be tolerable to the public conscience. There was a time when our people unquestioningly accepted the burning of witches. There was a time when they thought it right to stretch men on the rack in order to compel them to confession of crimes which they had not committed, but which they could no longer suffer to deny. We shudder now to read of the cruel barbarism of those past times. I think our descendants will be equally shocked to read of the ghastly, cold-blooded way in which we murder our murderers.

Mr. Rennie Smith, M.P., who is backing the Bill to abolish capital punishment

Even to-day the horror of the process appals and revolts us. That is the reason why every sentence of death is followed by a frantic succession of appeals and petitions which make a mock of justice. No matter how callous and gruesome the crime, no matter how complete and conclusive the evidence, the sentence of death invests the vilest of criminals with a romantic halo.

Think of the recent instances—Mahon, Vaquier, Thorne. Their crimes were so awful that one shrinks from recalling them. Yet in each case a hysterical clamour for clemency preceded their execution. In each case the condemned man's guilt had been proved to the satisfaction of judge and jury. In each case the Court of Appeal had scrupulously sifted the possibilities of doubt. In each case the Home Secretary had practically re-tried the criminal to make quite sure—trebly sure—that the condemned man deserved his doom. Yet after all these trials and re-trials, the vast surge of public protest and entreaty continued.

WHY? No such excitement is raised when a malefactor is sentenced to penal servitude. Great writers do not send articles to the papers to question the justice of a sentence of hard labour. The difference is quite obviously due to the growing public detestation and horror of hanging. Even the officials of execution are affected. One hangman was lately driven by his haunting memories to attempt suicide, and a prison warder who had brooded over his experience of the scaffold did actually kill himself.

The public conscience has grown out of the stage when it could complacently contemplate

The Haunting Shadow

GIVE the people a sense of security, confidence in the future and a conviction that the State cares for the defenceless and stricken, and Communism will take no root in the heart of the British people. That way prosperity lies

by A. G. GARDINER

Sir Malcolm G. Ramsay, K.C.B., Controller and Auditor-General of Public Accounts

I HOPE stern measures will be taken to stop such impudent frauds as are revealed in the report of the auditor on the administration of National Health Insurance during 1924. It is your money and our money which these petty thieves whose performances are exposed are putting in their pockets, and it is your business and our business to see that those who handle public money are taught that it is a more heinous offence and not a less heinous one to pilfer the public till than it is to pilfer a private till.

I say this with some emphasis, for I sat on a country bench not long ago to hear a case in which a young man was tried for stealing over a period of four years a sum of more than £400 by manipulating the stamps for health and unemployment cards.

He went out of the court without any punishment except that of being bound over to come up for judgment in the event of further misbehaviour. (I do not, of course, accept any personal share in such a decision.) Even his defalcations have to be made up, not by himself, but by the public whose trust he betrayed and whose money he stole.

"Wives" of unmarried men

I am the last person who would wish to mark any young man lightly with the prison taint, but I can conceive of nothing more calculated to invite dishonesty in public servants than the idea that they can steal public money and not be punished.

That is why I hope that stern measures will be taken with the cases now disclosed. They reveal all kinds of frauds, altered medical certificates, altered and fabricated receipts for benefits, fictitious maternity benefits, benefits withheld from members of the societies but charged to the accounts, and so on.

In one case an agent forged certificates of the confinement of "alleged" wives of men who were actually unmarried, notifying the society of imaginary marriages. Thirteen sham signatures in one case were reinvestigated by a member of the committee of management, who declared them to be genuine. This sort of crime should be stamped on with a relentless heel if it is to be prevented from spreading and if the great principle of national insurance is to be kept sound and solvent.

Insurance for all against everything

For that principle I believe is the key to the solution of our social discontent and distresses. The most urgent need of our common life, as I am never tired of insisting, is security—protection against the blows of Fate, the vicissitudes of trade, the uncertainty of health and so on. We want a contented people, and no people can be contented if they have no defence against the uncertainties of life.

Now this defence cannot be left to the individual. The danger is common, and can only be met by common effort. Happily, in recent years, we have made a good beginning with the task. We have established insurance against four of the chief risks of life: (1) accident, (2) sickness and disablement, (3) unemployment, (4) indigent old age.

These are very great achievements, and if this country has weathered the terrific storm of the war better than any other in Europe, it is largely because of the operation of these beneficent measures. They have given some measure of stability and security to fifteen millions of working-class people, and have laid the foundations of what should be thoroughly satisfactory social structure of the future.

But though much has been done, much remains to be done. We need an "all-in" insurance, an insurance for all against everything.

I will not discuss here (1) and (4). They are provided for on a non-contributory basis. The employers alone pay for accident, very uneconomically, for of every £100 they pay to the insurance societies only some £15 reaches the workmen; that is the employers' affair. As to old-age pensions the State finds all the money.

Old-age pensions begin too late

It is with the disablement and unemployment insurance that I am concerned here. These are on a contributory basis, employers and workmen and the State providing, roughly, equal shares of the money. In spite of the unprecedented unemployment we have had, the system has not broken down. On the contrary, the unemployment fund is making a profit.

When trade revives, as it will revive, and unemployment decreases, it will be an enormous profit. Sir William Beveridge estimates that in a good year the surplus of the unemployment fund should reach twenty-five or thirty millions.

What should be done with it? Should we diminish the health and unemployment levy? I think not. We have grown accustomed to the charge and bear it very well. Let us apply the surplus to extending the system, filling up the gaps, and making the whole condition of the working-classes sound and seaworthy.

Take the case of old-age pensions. They begin too late, but to lower the figure to sixty-five is more than can be done by the State alone. It would raise the cost of them to the taxpayer from twenty-three millions to sixty millions—assuming that the income limit was abolished—and to nearly forty millions if the present income limit remained. But we could bridge the gulf between sixty-five and seventy by giving on the present scale of contribution a contributory pension to all insured persons without any income limit. If people can work after sixty-five it would not interfere with their pension.

A grim, haunting shadow

Next there is the case of the widows and orphans. There is no class of the community which is more helpless or more deserving. Yet the savings which would result from Poor Law relief and the compensation under the Workmen's Compensation Acts, would probably not exceed more than seven or eight millions a year. A further extension would be the granting of contributory pensions to the widows of insured persons between the age of sixty-five and seventy.

These are some of the directions in which we can extend and consolidate the great insurance system of the country. In doing so we shall remove the shadow that haunts so many lives, get rid of the discontents and unrest which are so widely and so justly prevalent, and help to rebuild the State on surer foundations.

T HANGMAN!

by A. M. THOMPSON ("Dangle")

the calculated slowness, the cold-blooded relentlessness, with which the majesty of the law, in grim pageantry of wig and gown and black cap, proceeds to avenge the taking of life by solemnly breaking the criminal's neck.

ONLY once have I been present in a court where the death sentence was passed, and I shall take care never to repeat the experience. The Lisbon Inquisition in its most devilish cruelty could scarce have racked, torn, and broken its victims more effectively than our procedure racked, tore and broke a woman on trial for her life in that case.

After the torture of the trial, with its pitiful gasps, horrid cries, and panting prayers for mercy, came the long-drawn agony of the condemned cell, and one heard terrible whispers of the last most gruesome scene of all, where a quivering bundle of semi-conscious human pulp was dragged to shameful death on the scaffold.

The mind of the British people has reached a stage of development which instinctively shrinks from these horrors. Normal citizens readily submit to rules which satisfy their sense of general fitness and justice; they know that, even as true freedom in private conduct depends on individual self-restraint, the public liberty depends on faithful obedience of public laws. But the barbarism of the scaffold does not inspire us with respect; it only inspires disgust and horror.

There could only be one justification for hanging, and that is its claim to deterrent influence on potential murderers. But does it deter? When thieves were hung for pocket-picking there were more pickpockets than to-day.

The glamour that surrounds a murderer under sentence of death is much more likely to attract than to deter the feeble-minded degenerates who are capable of murder. When they remember that even Mahon, the Eastbourne assassin, was made the object of perverted sympathy and adulation, they may well count the limelight of the scaffold as a glory rather than infamy.

MOREOVER, the murderer's chances of escape are notoriously increased by the reluctance of juries to convict where the result of their verdict is death. The practically positive certainty of a whole lifetime spent in penal servitude would be much more likely to strike terror into a potential murderer's soul than the sporting gamble afforded by sentimental juries and hysterical clamour.

Capital punishment, with the appeal of its publicity to morbid vanity, is much less likely to deter the feeble-minded men from crime than the weight of a life without hope in the dark and unredeemed disgrace of the prison cell.

Elasto

will relieve all suffering from VARICOSE VEINS, BAD LEGS, etc.

A New Remedy—Perfectly Harmless and Tasteless—which can be sampled free and purchased on "No Cure—No Pay" Terms.

Elasto is a new treatment which works on quite different lines from anything hitherto advertised.

If you suffer from **Varicose Veins,** whether they be serious or slight, from **Varicocele,** which is the same kind of trouble, from **Piles, Prolapsus, Hardened Glands, or other Relaxed Conditions;** or if your trouble has developed into the more serious stage of **Varicose Ulcers, Varicose Eczema, Inflamed Wounds, Ulcerated Ankles,** or other trouble best described as **Bad Legs,** you should at once start a course of Elasto Tablets.

There is no awkward bandaging or uncomfortable and expensive elastic stocking, no cutting out of the veins or having to rest, no pain to be endured or drugs to be taken, but just tiny, tasteless, harmless tablets to be dissolved upon the tongue three times daily.

Give Nature a Chance.

Elasto restores a natural ingredient to the blood which enables the body to make elastic fibre. With this, their true nourishment, the veins, arteries, muscles, and membranes win back their elastic action and are again empowered to perform their function. Thus, by natural means, is removed the original weakness, the existence of which first causes quite ordinary troubles, but, if not corrected, will eventually develop into really alarming illness.

Surely this treatment is worthy of a trial. Just think what it would be to be free from pain, free from anxiety as to possible developments. Just give nature a chance—you will never regret it.

Wonderful Results.

Just read the following experience, typical of the many received daily.

From the Vicar of Boreham Wood, Herts:

"I have no hesitation in saying that I personally benefited most tremendously with Elasto Tablets, which I used for two months for my varicose veins. I thought I should have to give up tennis, but I can now play without the least inconvenience I am very enthusiastic over my cure."—H J G Curgenven.

FREE SAMPLE and "No Cure—No Pay" Terms.

We have so much confidence in Elasto Tablets that we are supplying a course of treatment on "No Cure—No Pay" Terms. There is no "catch" or impossible condition in this offer, so write at once for particulars and FREE SAMPLE, or send 5/- for a full month's treatment to The New Era Treatment Company (Dept. 15 G.), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London.

JUSTICE FOR THE EX-SOLDIER!

Betrayed Fighters Demand Redress

LOYALTY is not proved by the waving of flags and singing patriotic songs. It is necessary at times to say hard things about the affairs of our country in order to prove patriotism

by Brigadier-General F. P. CROZIER, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.

"HAD I known," are the three tragic words carved deep into the hearts of ex-Service men, on account of the treatment received by them from their country. When an ex-Service man thinks or says "Had I known," he does not mean to imply that he regrets ever having played his manful part in the defence of the country. Far from it; but he does mean that he sees the folly of having believed in such catchwords as "Homes for heroes" and of having left his fate in the hands of others instead of looking after himself.

The fates were against the Service men in 1918. We were then scattered, and in service. But, it is never too late to mend.

"Had I known" should be a regret uttered by every Cabinet Minister and every ex-Cabinet Minister who has held office since 1918, when passing a broken ex-Service street-singer or seller of matches. "Had I *thought*" would be a more accurate description of what the feelings of the great men should be when facing a fellow-man broken in the wars by the enemy, and broken in the peace by the false pledges of the vote-catchers.

Tricked by the politician

If the ex-Service men play their cards properly, "Had I known" will be three words which will strike terror into the hearts of those who have let the ex-Service men down since 1918, by fooling the nation, and not carrying out the wishes of the people.

The truth is that the wrong note was struck in 1918, through no fault of the nation, after we won the war. In that year, the women and men of this country wished to do well by the men who had saved them.

They still do. But in 1918 the "tricksters," the "artful dodgers"—call them what you like—having obtained an enormous and unhealthy majority in the House of Commons, reverted to peace-time type and, in Parliament and out of it, arranged their programmes to suit themselves.

Where is the simplicity and sacrifice of the population of 1914 to 1918. It is not here. Where is the will-power which made the elderly dowager walk miles to do her shopping daily, on her flat feet? Where is the desire for duty (and margarine!) which made the veteran general stand in the food queue for hours without swearing?

Is not the necessity for sacrifice as great to-day?

The truth is that although the difficulties are as great or greater, for some, and the danger to the nation is even greater, still the pinch is not as national as it should be.

Flat-footed dowagers

Between the years 1914-1918, had the dowager not done her shopping on her flat feet, and had the general not stood in the food queue like a docile democrat, the Germans would have come over and dictated some worse devilry. In other words, the burglars were at the door.

Now all that is over. The dowager and the general won. There is now no need for the flat-footed walk and democratic discipline of the queue. The Germans can do that. *They lost!*

Unfortunately, there are now more food queues in England and more flat-footed walkers. The walkers and waiters in our country are now the men who abolished the walk and the queue for the dowager and the docile democrat of war-time memory, by winning the war.

Selfishness of patriotism

I have studied this question very carefully in all sorts and conditions of places, and I am convinced that so-called patriotism was, during the war, founded on the animal law of survival.

It paid to be patriotic. It paid to be unselfish. The alternative to unselfishness was extermination.

Such is still the case in these days. For this reason, ex-Service men and women and those connected with them must make a completely fresh start. We need organisation, for in unity is strength.

Brig.-General Crozier

The future welfare of the nation in general and the ex-Service man in particular is closely allied to the thorny question of international disarmament.

Last year we spent £105,800,000 on the fighting services and £72,000,000 on war pensions. The men who were promised everything during the war got practically nothing, except kicks and unemployment.

To hell with war!

A reduction in armaments throughout the world would mean that we could and would spend much less on preparation for war and much more on reconstruction, pensions, social services and the like.

But before we can reduce our insurance policy—*i.e.*, the expenditure on our fighting services—we must know that the conditions throughout the world are such as to warrant a reduction of our heavy insurance premium—in other words, there must be a general desire and wish for peace, followed by actual disarmament.

The peoples of a country do not, as a rule, make war themselves. Public opinion supports war, no doubt, if led up to it, but the actual declaration of war is generally dependent on circumstances entirely unknown to the people. Before we ourselves can do anything in the direction of armament reduction the robbers must be ousted, the burglars must be placed under restraint, and those who would wreck our homes (I speak internationally) by fire and sword must be put in their places.

To achieve this task is one of the sacred duties of the ex-Service man, not only of Britain but of all the great countries.

At present there is an anti-war feeling abroad; it is always so after a great war. If something definite is not done *this time* there will be a pro-war feeling in years to come.

History proves this—Blenheim 1704, Ramillies 1706, Oudenarde 1708, Malplaquet 1707, all great British victories, were followed by the *Peace* Treaty of Utrecht 1713. Waterloo, of glorious memory, 1815, was followed by the *Peace* Treaty of the same year. Mons 1914 was followed by the *Peace* Treaty of Versailles 1919.

Approximately, a hundred years passed between each World *Peace* Treaty—just sufficient time for those people to mature who, having neither experience of war nor its aftermath, require it. The Peace treaties of 1713, 1815, 1919 failed because the terms were dictated by the victors to the vanquished. Any treaty should be a treaty *by agreement.*

The ex-Service men of all nations are unquestionably patriotic to their respective countries. Why cannot these same men unite now in peace to prevent war, instead of uniting for war to bring about peace?

Internationale of ex-Service men

What a grand thing it would be if the ex-Servicemen of various nationalities who took part in the Armageddon of 1914-18 united and said to their respective Governments: "Enough of this tom-foolery; we have seen and suffered; we do not intend that our children and our grandchildren shall do the same." It can be done.

We must, however, be on our guard. Our armour must be kept bright, our sentries must be alert, but our "safety catches" must be "safe."

Patriotism means "Love of one's country"—surely, we who love our country do not desire to think of her ever again being drawn into a shambles similar to that of 1914.

Some people think that to be loyal it is only necessary to talk big, to wave flags, to sing and play patriotic songs and such like. That is not the case at all. Sometimes it is necessary to say very hard things about the conduct of affairs of our country in order to be patriotic, and to get our country right. "My country right" is a good metaphor; "My country right or wrong" is not good enough for me.

In the 'eighties the song, "We don't want to fight, but by jingo if we do," used to be sung with gusto. Let us continue to sing that song with unbounded toleration, and at the same time let us organise so that we shall never have to fight again.

An offensive against armaments

I invite ex-Servicemen of all ranks, their relatives, their friends, the widows, the fathers, mothers and children of the fallen, and all those who have the welfare of their country at heart, to write to JOHN BULL, marking the envelope "Peace," in order that we may prepare for a great offensive against the armament race, without which the Cenotaph, with its majestic simplicity and its tradition, counts for little.

I also ask the same people to unite in a great effort in order that the problem of the ex-Serviceman may be tackled *now.*

The two problems are inseparable. Money, hard work, time and organisation will be required. It is a question which affects all ex-Servicemen irrespective of class, creed or rank. The companionship of the trenches must survive. In this way I am convinced that we can do more than anybody to help our country and to uphold our King and Constitu-

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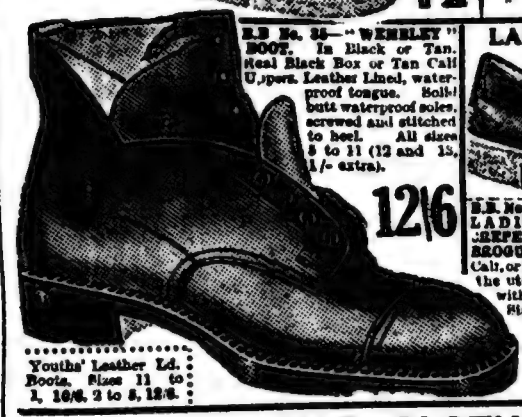

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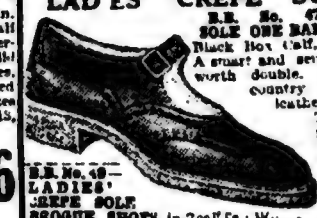

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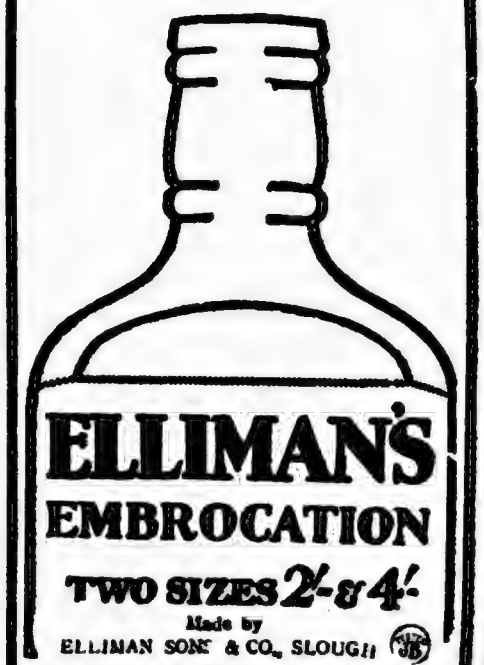

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DODGING THE ROCKS

Throwing Out a Life-line

***FOLLOWING** a tour of the industrial centres, the writer records the result of his investigations into the conditions of the nation's industry*

by **Lieut.-Com. the Hon. J. M. KENWORTHY, R.N., M.P.**

THE trade position is most serious. There was a promise of the beginnings of a revival at the commencement of the present year, and there was actually something like a real improvement for a short time. But we have slipped back again and find ourselves at the present time with something like one and a quarter million unemployed as compared with only a little over a million at this time last year. At the same time the Board of Trade returns show that twenty-one principal trading and manufacturing foreign nations show an advance on last year. If this situation continues, we are faced with ultimate ruin; and it is no use blinking this fact

Dole-dodging

We cannot possibly feed our people out of our own resources in the present state of our land monopoly, and in any case we need certain raw materials for our manufactures. The only way to pay for these is by exporting manufactured goods.

In addition to the grave menace in the loss of our overseas markets, we are spending far too much on unproductive relief works and on uncovenanted insurance, known shortly and popularly as the "dole." Paying men and women to be idle is having a disastrous effect on the whole morale of the nation, and if we are not careful we will find that hundreds of thousands of young men and women have lost the skill and aptitude to work, if and when a trade revival comes about.

If the present state of affairs continues we will slip back into the position of a second or third rate Power, our finances will suffer and the character of our people as workers will change for the worse.

A volume could be written on the reasons for the present state of affairs. I would put them very briefly as follows:

Loss of markets due to the war and impoverishment of our customers. These markets can only be regained by the adventurous pioneering spirit which marked our rise in commercial supremacy in the middle of the last century, and which is apparently lacking to-day.

High manufacturing costs, owing to the excessive price of coal, high cost of transport, etc., and diminuton of output due to the change in national spirit following on the war and heavy rates and taxes.

Lieut.-Com. Kenworthy

Of this second group of causes the change in national spirit seems to be due to a lack of real leadership in the country. High and low, rich and poor, are thinking too much about pleasure, and too little about work. When employers take two days off a week for golfing, they cannot wonder if their managers, clerks, operatives, etc., follow their example and "go slow."

A tax on capital

The difficulties about the high price of coal, and the high transport charges, especially on the railways, could best be got over by a better utilisation of fuel—in other words, by using it as electricity to a greater extent than in the raw state, and also by the better utilisation of the bye-products of coal, and especially of the waste and slack by low temperature carbonisation, thus reducing the total cost to the consumer, while cheap electricity applied to the railways would lighten freight costs.

In regard to high taxation, this is a direct cause of unemployment. Capital is being taken from the people which should be going into fresh extensions and improvements to our manufacturing plant.

It was hoped that in the present Budget the Chancellor of the Exchequer would take his courage in both hands and do a little gambling. A gambling risk is sometimes justified and the present time is ripe for such a risk. By making a bold reduction of taxation, it is highly probable that that alone would bring about an extension of trade, with an increased revenue, making up for the theoretical loss.

Insurance risks

The Government should bring every pressure to bear on the railway companies to reduce the cost of goods haulage. Electrification of the main line railways is bound to come during the next few years, and it would be better to embark on the capital expenditure now.

With regard to the impoverishment of our overseas customers, we should be prepared to assist our manufacturers to give long term credits by supporting them with national finance. The present Trade Facilities Act, and other schemes, are not elastic enough, and should be remodelled. If we ask our manufacturers and merchants to take risks for the good of the country, we should be prepared to insure them against loss by the greater use of the national credit.

One of the few constructive suggestions made recently is that of Sir Alfred Mond, who would have us use the money spent on the dole to assist manufacturers to employ workpeople who otherwise would not be able to do so.

We must all be up and doing, must pull together, and be prepared to use the resources of the whole State to lift us out of the present rut and give the British people a real chance of survival as a great trading and manufacturing nation.

THE LOVE THIEF

Send Affection Stealers to Jail!

The Rev. BRUCE CORNHAM, M.A.

IT is an extraordinary reflection on our present social life that while most of us are agitating for easier divorce in especial cases, such as lunacy, we more or less overlook the sinister figure who creeps into many homes and makes wrecks of what were once happy lives.

In popular language he—or she—has been called the "love thief," the person who has interrupted the happy relations between a husband and wife, and from jealousy, desire, perversity, or sheer wrecking instinct, has gradually won the husband away from the wife or the wife from the husband.

Our divorce figures prove that such a figure is very much alive in our modern society, yet we are doing nothing to curtail his activities.

THE modern love thief is as dangerous a criminal as the blackmailer and the murderer. His actions result in widespread unhappiness; homes are broken up, and little children are parted from their parents; yet he goes scot free and unbranded. He is peculiar to no one grade of society. His work is to destroy the beautiful co-operation in life between man and woman that makes for happiness and joy. He is a nearer figure to the anti-Christ than any other in our midst to-day!

THE love thief, whether it be man or woman, should be made to answer for his actions in a court of law. Where it is proved that he came between a husband and wife living contentedly together until his arrival, and deliberately wooed the wife to an act of infidelity resulting in the breaking-up of the home, he should be liable to stern punishment as a danger to the State.

The same applies to the woman of the species. We all know the "vampire" type, the woman who seizes on any temporary misunderstanding between man and wife to whisper into the man's ears that he has "never been understood," that she is the only woman who "really understands" him. Gradually, with all the tricks of her trade, she has him captive. The result, in all probability, is a divorce case, the husband and wife are separated, the wife is broken-hearted, the man miserable, the children more or less homeless.

The argument that a good man and woman should be proof against the wiles of the love thief is a mere platitude. We are all human, and in our human relations with each other there are innumerable instances when we make our wives—or are made by our wives—ready prey for the vultures. That we should be expected to withstand the vultures is right; but the odds are all in favour of the interloper, or the love thief.

OF course it is terrible that modern society should be so tolerant of the love thief that he can move in society unmolested—even when his past activities are known to all. He should long ago have been ostracised, a thing for the contempt of his fellow-beings. Society should have been closed to him and newspapers given the right to revile him.

But since society has failed, the *law* should be empowered to act. He should be treated as a criminal and punished for his proven misdeeds.

The love thief is a growing menace. Decent men and women cannot afford to tolerate his or her activities. The stability of our home-life is the future of our nation.

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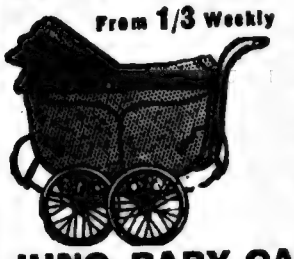

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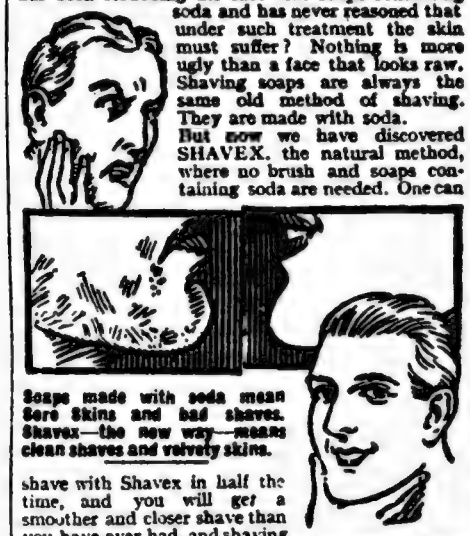
Is it not strange that for hundreds of years man has been scrubbing his face with soaps containing soda and has never reasoned that under such treatment the skin must suffer? Nothing is more ugly than a face that looks raw. Shaving soaps are always the same old method of shaving. They are made with soda.

But now we have discovered SHAVEX, the natural method, where no brush and soaps containing soda are needed. One can



Soaps made with soda mean Sore Skins and bad shaves. Shavex—the new way—means clean shaves and velvety skins.

shave with Shavex in half the time, and you will get a smoother and closer shave than you have ever had, and shaving will become a pleasure instead of a torture. Your skin will look and feel like satin, and your face under this treatment will look twice as young. No after lotions are required when using Shavex, for it is a skin food as well.

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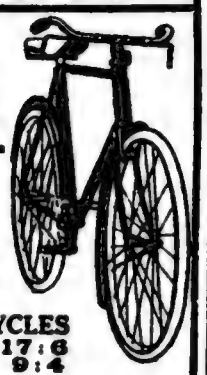

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Words Winged to Women

Abolish the Hooligans

Training Future Citizens

by **OCTAVIA LEWIN, M.B., B.S. (Lond.)**

ALL mothers, who watch with loving care the passing of children through our elementary and secondary schools, have one desire they hold in common. They wish their children, when schooldays are over, to take their places in the world as conquerors, rather than as weaklings who will be conquered by it.

To this end training, even from earliest days, should be definitely directed. But, unfortunately, citizenship is the one thing in popular education too often left to chance. There is something about the very word "citizenship" which seems to scare some people. It is thought difficult, obscure, or at best something only undertaken by people well on in middle age. The very opposite should be the truth.

The secret of nose, ear and eye troubles

Citizenship is really one of the simplest things in the world, though at the same time one of the most important. Put briefly it falls under two heads, both of them urgent needs.

First, then, true citizenship means the knowledge and ability to care for oneself. For lack of such knowledge hospitals, reformatories, prisons and mental asylums have double the number of inmates that need be. If from infancy children were taught citizenship half the problems from which we suffer would automatically disappear. Does this sound too difficult to mothers with little ones still around their knees? It is quite simple.

Our school clinics are filled with little ones who, given right training, would not need to be there. A lesson that mothers themselves should give is that of personal cleanliness. A baby should be taught to be clean in its habits before it can speak. It is quite easy to teach a baby to make its needs known at stated periods. It only needs patience and perseverance, and utmost care over right feeding.

The youngest children should be taught the use of handkerchiefs, *and these should be kept clean.* It is quite easy to provide a little pocket. In the case of very little ones they could be fastened to the clothing, and care taken to impress upon the child the danger of using any but its own. This is the secret of countless nose, ear, and eye troubles in later life. The children have not been taught the utmost importance of perfect and constant cleanliness from the start.

Octavia Lewin, M.B., B.S. (Lond.), whose lectures on this subject are well known.

All things clean and beautiful

Humanity teaches us to be kind and helpful to the suffering and ailing, but it is even more important that individuals should learn that the duty of keeping well goes beyond their own comfort. It is an obligation to the community. It is the first essential part of citizenship. It is the children thus carefully trained from the cradle who grow up to desire—and work for—healthy towns, open spaces, and decent conditions in industrial life.

Secondly, true citizenship implies the ability to fit oneself to social environment. This also must begin in nursery days. The mother who teaches children to enjoy their play without selfishness, noise, or grabbing is really building for a sanity social order in a future day. Care for others, the social spirit, love of all things clean and beautiful is more easily inculcated when children are very little than at any other period in a child's up-bringing.

Giddy girls and hooligan lads

In the school itself, in the play-ground, in the games and playing-fields the training in noble ideals of citizenship may proceed apace. Here is the finest training-ground of all for that spirit of British sportsmanship and *camaraderie* which often seems so sadly lacking to-day.

From the play-ground, as children grow to young man and woman hood, the training may become more definite and focused. Practical lessons and actual illustrations can be given of social institutions and of how the fabric of country and empire is kept together.

It is lack of knowledge, far more than any inherent badness, which turns lads into hopeless young hooligans, and sends girls giddy and irresponsible into the streets. Constant, careful, and definite training in citizenship is needed. Mothers can set the ball rolling by beginning while the babies are yet upon their knees.

What About Father?

by **D. H. GEFFEN**

DURING the last few years much work has been done in this country in training mothers in mothercraft. Urban life and twentieth-century civilisation had placed before the mother problems and difficulties which her natural instincts could not surmount; and the time of child-bearing and rearing had become shrouded in mystery.

This was the problem that the Maternity and Child Welfare Scheme set itself to rectify, and who will gainsay but that the results have been satisfactory. To-day, in the mind of the modern mother, there is instilled a saner attitude towards the whole subject.

Now, the maternity and child welfare worker is confronted with another problem. What about the father? Is he to have no responsibility in the rearing of his own child? Should he not know what is healthy and what unhealthy, what will produce a straight-limbed child and what a cripple? His ignorance on such matters goads him on to refusing to his child what the doctor and the mother at his advice would do to benefit it.

HOW often is one told by a well-meaning mother that she has to feed her child whenever he cries. She knows she has been repeatedly advised regular feeding. Yet her answer is too often the same—the unwillingness of her husband to bear with her when the child cries. "Why don't you feed him when he is hungry," is his often-repeated angry remark.

What is the result? The child that, by regular feeding, should have regained its health, slept through the night and been comfortable during the day, is persistently overfed.

Surely, it is the father's duty to know how and when his child should be fed, when it should be weaned, and why the milk of healthy tuberculin tested cows of good stock is better than the product of unwholesome surroundings. The father must see that the mother should receive that care and nourishment that will preserve her health and give the new life a healthier prospect.

THAT every child should be breast fed is the aim which one and all attempt to attain. Yet breast-feeding fails so often because a supplementary feed has been given to the child to quieten it at the repeated request of the father.

Of all the evils that affect child life and welfare hand-feeding is the worst. It is not the actual hand-feeding that does the harm. It is the mismanagement of it that is the evil.

Yet, why should this be so. Isn't it possible to get good pure milk suitably prepared, or failing this, on account of cost or inconvenience, is not the number of substitutes, scientific and tried, legion? Then where lies the trouble? It is in the maladministration, and usually the excessive administration of these products.

LET the father understand hand-feeding as well as the mother. Let him see the milk his child is getting and know its source. It is the fathers who must be approached, to whom lectures must be given, to whom visits must now be made: who must, in short, be part of the scheme.

How to Keep Well

Nerve Storms

by **A Wimpole Street Physician**

I SAW a patient the other day who was much worried about the future of his baby boy, because his father had suffered from epileptic fits.

I was able to reassure him in so far that epilepsy is not hereditary.

The true cause of epilepsy is still obscure: something seems to cause a certain instability of the brain, and nerve storms arise which manifest themselves in temporary attacks of unconsciousness or fits.

Fits may be brought on by the irritation of teething or worms, by eye-strain, indigestion, or the poisoning of constipation.

The removal of such a reflex cause often cures the disease.

Undoubtedly, one of the most common causes of this distressing ailment is chronic constipation. It is most important that parents should make sure that their children have a regular daily or more frequent movement of the bowels.

As in all diseases, the cause and not the symptoms should be treated. Simple saline aperients and borax, which act as an intestinal disinfectant, are the best medicines to use.

In some patients the disease, however, remains incurable, and has to be controlled by taking bromides.

Epileptics should be treated kindly but firmly. They should have a plain and simple diet, meat only once a day, and no alcohol at all. They should take regular exercise, and have some definite outdoor occupation.

Epileptics are often of unusual cleverness and vigour: Julius Cæsar and Napoleon were epileptics.

"I have bought my house"

In my ambitious moments I often dreamed of a house of my own—but it seemed very far away with the difficulty of getting together £250 as part of the purchase price I had to find. Savings Certificates have solved that problem for me. Since they first commenced my wife and I have regularly put into Savings Certificates all we could spare. The interest is so good that last week I was able to put the money down, and we still have some Certificates left.

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Human Documents

Blessed, Yet Unblessed!

Forgiving Sisters—A Conditional Secret—Scheming a Divorce

"TEN years ago I was the spoilt daughter of wealthy parents who never considered the possibility of our ever being reduced to a state of poverty, and consequently I received no training for any profession or method of earning my own living.

"In 1917, my head turned by flattery and the glamour of outward appearances, I lightheartedly married a man who later turned out to be not only a penniless adventurer but a faithless husband as well, for when my father lost all his money during the trade depression of 1920, he deserted me and our baby boy and eloped to India with another woman.

"Six months afterwards I grasped an opportunity of being lifted out of the dejection and poverty into which I had fallen, yielding to the pleadings of a middle-aged widower who urged me to share his home and live as his wife.

"SINCE then my life has been blessed with more happiness than I had dared to hope for. I have developed a great admiration and affection for my protector, and his generosity has enabled me to support my parents in a fair degree of comfort. Moreover, I have now two fine twin baby boys of which he is the father.

"My happiness is marred, however, by the discontent of my lover at the present irregularity of our union. He is intensely desirous that I should get my marriage dissolved with the view of making our own association legal and respectable in the eyes of the world, for he meets with considerable ostracism in his business activities and social connections owing to our present position.

"How this can be achieved is beyond me. I have clear and conclusive evidence of my lawful husband's desertion and infidelity, but I suppose my own misconduct will debar me from obtaining the necessary decree. Can nothing be done?"

"Humanist" says:—*If you can serve divorce papers on your husband you need not despair of obtaining a decree that will leave you free to remarry. The court has a very wide discretion in such circumstances, and your case is one in which I think it would be very likely indeed to grant you relief and freedom from a husband who has never been worthy of the name.*

"I AM one of three sisters, middle-aged and single, who were left a considerable amount of money by our father when he died ten years ago. The money which fell to me I invested partly in a drapery business and partly in a boarding establishment opened by my two sisters.

Brains and a Boarding-house

"For eight years the concern in which I was interested was a great success, while, on the other hand, the letting-out of apartments gave to my relatives a living amounting to little more than poverty. I was, however, so wrapped up in the management of my own concern that I paid little attention to their hard life and, in fact, never once visited them.

"In the summer of 1923 things began to go badly with my business, and after a very lean time my income from it failed entirely, so that of necessity I had to appeal to my sisters for support and the shelter of their home.

"In spite of my shabby neglect of the past, they generously welcomed me and for the three months that I have been with them have shared equally their meagre pittance. It has been during this time that I have realised to the full how poor but big-hearted they both are and, on the other hand, how mean my own conduct must have appeared.

"I have tried in vain to obtain outside employment, but apparently no one wishes to engage a shop-assistant of my age. It seems, therefore, that I can do nothing but sponge on their kindness for the rest of my life. It is true that a third of the capital value of the establishment is mine, but the concern is in such low water that the share is almost negligible. Sometimes I feel the only way to help them to seek solution to the problem is suicide."

"Humanist" says:—*Suicide is a dismal and cowardly confession of failure. Put the idea out of your head. With brains and a boarding-house you have a wonderful opportunity of atoning for your past neglect and reviving your sisters' collapsed fortunes. You must have considerable business ability to have made a great success of your own concern for eight years. Apply your talents to the problem of popularising their establishment, and by autumn you may all be prosperous again.*

"WHEN I was between the ages of twenty and thirty-five I acted as nurse to the only daughter of a Scottish laird whose estate was near my own home.

A Flighty Blue-Stocking

I was very devoted to her, but upon the girl attaining her fourteenth birthday she was sent to a boarding-school in the south of England and I had to seek a new post.

"That was five years ago. During the time that has elapsed since then I too moved south, and for the past twelve months have filled the post of manageress in an hotel in a big midland town. Meanwhile the girl has left the boarding-school and is in residence at a certain University.

"Last week, while going about my duties, I was astounded to learn that she was staying at this hotel with a young man as his wife. She informed me that her 'husband' is also a student and that by means of trumped-up excuses they both obtained leave of absence. She pleaded to me to keep her secret, but promising her nothing I sent her back to her studies at the University town.

"I am now bewildered as to how I should act. It is quite obvious that the girl cannot be trusted, and I am sorely tempted to warn her parents so that they can take steps to prevent the downfall of the child whom they adore."

"Humanist" says:—*I think your conception of your duty is correct. If the girl refuses to listen to your admonition, the position you occupied in her father's household gives you the privilege of warning him of the danger which threatens his only girl. But you may achieve your aim with less unpleasantness if you extract a promise from the girl to mend her ways and threaten to tell her father if she does not keep it.*

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer are suppressed so that the authors may not be identified. In cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient interest to be helpful to others, correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes if they wish to be answered through the post. Ten shillings is sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed.

"A YEAR ago a friend of mine met a girl in Portsmouth. She told him she was single. They became very friendly, and my friend fell madly in love with her, for she was very beautiful and attractive.

Divorce Damages

"Eventually he asked her to marry him, but she refused, saying she did not believe in marriage. Finally they lived together as man and wife for three months in lodgings.

"Now he discovers she was married all the time. Her husband, who is a sailor, is citing him as co-respondent and is claiming heavy damages.

"As he was ignorant of her marriage, is he liable for these damages?

"Although she had deceived him he still loves her and would stick to her if she wished to marry him, but she laughs in his face and says she has had all she requires from him—evidence that will free her.

"He will be ruined if he has to pay these damages. What should he do?"

"Humanist" says:—*If he can prove the case as you tell it to me he need not fear heavy damages. No jury would give such damages for losing the affection of such a woman, who misled her husband as well as your friend.*

Fifteen Years' Devotion

"Fifteen years ago my mother took pity on a friendless invalid woman and let her lodge with us. She is now over seventy, and my mother's health is failing through the strain of looking after her. We don't want to send her to the workhouse, but what can we do?"

"Humanist" says: *Your mother has done more than her duty by her fifteen years' devotion, and she must consider herself and her family. Write to Nazareth House, Hammersmith, W., and ask if the old invalid could be accommodated there.*

Whist and Worst

"My wife has formed a dangerous association with an undesirable man whom she meets at whist-drives, and she is heading straight for disaster. I am identified with religious work which does not permit me to attend such functions."

"Humanist" says:—*Your religion must be a very narrow one if it compels you to stand aside and see your wife's reputation ruined. There are worse things than whist. Why not share her harmless amusement?*

A Father's Obligation

"I am an illegitimate girl, seventeen years old. I am not earning enough to keep myself, and my father refuses support. Can I compel him to do so? He will not tell me who my mother was."

"Humanist" says:—*Your father cannot be compelled legally to maintain you after you are sixteen, and I am afraid there is nothing you can do except to ask the relieving officer for help. But do not be downcast. The shame is your father's, not yours.*

Nuns not Mormons

"My daughter is now in service in a priest's house, and she tells me that she wants to become a nun. I have heard such terrible things about convents that I am afraid the poor misguided girl is going into a sort of Mormonism."

"Humanist" says:—*Your idea that the conventual life is in any way to be compared with Mormonism is entirely ignorant. If your daughter feels called to be a nun you may rest assured that she will be protected in every way.*

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No Blood Mixture or Ointment that is advertised is able to cure the Skin Diseases we can, because with us each case has special attention and each patient is given remedies suitable for that particular disease, and our advice is offered free.

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NEURITIS

GRANGETOWN, CARDIFF.

Having been a sufferer with Neuritis in the knees for three years, and after trying all kinds of "so called" cures, I decided to try your Hervea. On Sunday the 9th I started taking the remedy, and before the end of the week I had nearly lost all pain. I was going to write to you the first week, but I thought I had better wait, so now, after three weeks, I can let you know that I am practically free from pain. At first I felt as if there was something missing, having got so used to limping. I am a Commissionaire at a Cinema, where I am on my feet from morning till night and live some distance away. What used to take me three-quarters of an hour to walk, I can do now quite comfortably in 20 minutes. I have recommended Hervea to every one I know, and I thank the day that my wife sent for the sample packet. I don't know how to express my gratefulness for your wonderful cure, Hervea.—

H. F. H., 27.11.24.

Something New for this Distressing Malady.

Read this and act on what you are here told: it may be the best day's work in your life. Are you a sufferer from Neuritis, Arthritis, Rheumatism, Sciatica, etc.? You may have suffered so for some years and also spent money and tried many remedies with little or no success. Will you try at no cost a home remedy which is neither a drug nor a medicine, but a simple tropical herb which you prepare just like ordinary "tea" and drink once or twice a day? The remedy is agreeable and effective and you

"Feel the Benefit Almost at Once"

—not what I say, but what people tell me daily in their letters. For example, a well-known Scottish peeress, Lady E—recently wrote me:—"*People have been so struck with the marked change in me (this lady had been crippled for several years through Rheumatism) that I have had to give away three of the packets, and I am now sending for six more.*" I have received similar letters from Public Officials, Naval and Military Offices, Clergymen, Professional Men and persons in all ranks of life. You need Risk No Money to prove for yourself the Genuineness of this remedy.

FREE PACKET

and I particularly ask you to write to me if you have failed so far to get relief. Simply write and send me a stamp for reply, and I will send you a trial quantity of Hervea free of charge. If you feel you are getting benefit you can have a further quantity at a small charge. The Secret of the virtue of this plant is that it Expels Uric Acid from the System, and also Prevents Further Acid Deposits Accumulating. Other chemical and drug remedies relieve for the time being, but they fail in this all-important result. Write to-day—the cost is nothing, and you may never regret doing so; in fact, it may prove "a long good-bye to Neuritis.

Address: Mr. H. LEE, Colonial Importer (Dept.273), 37, Red Lion Street, London, W.C.

P.S. *I am an ordinary "business man," not a vendor of patent medicines, and I know from my own personal experience that the product now offered is MOST EFFECTIVE FOR NEURITIS. As the selling of this product is distinct from my regular business please mark your envelope "HERVEA."*

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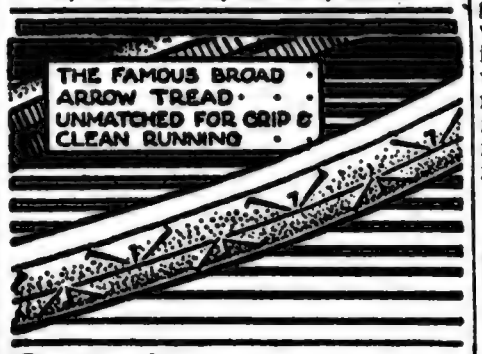

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Our Letter Parliament

Should Murderers Hang?

Doctors' Fees—Modern Shylocks—Industrial Humanity

Too Long an Innings

Prof. Mordan's article advocating different degrees of punishment for murder comes not a moment too soon. The time is ripe for reform. Capital punishment for all murders, irrespective of the motive, has had too long an innings. Public opinion demands immediate action by Parliament.—*H. T. P., Taunton.*

Worse than Death

There are many evils worse than death, and surely the thought of life-long imprisonment would be to many people a far greater deterrent to crime than hanging. Never again to be at liberty to mix with one's fellow-creatures, with the whole of life before one in which to "repent"—surely such mental torture is fit punishment for the most terrible crime.—*H. L. T., Peckham.*

Consider the Motive

Crimes of passion receive a more sympathetic hearing in Continental courts than they do in ours, as full consideration is given to the motive. In cases where a wronged person has taken the law into his, or her, own hands, public opinion is invariably on the side of the person in question. The classification of murder is long overdue, and I am sure everyone would support this reformation of our criminal law.—*Justice, Inverness.*

Death Too Merciful

It is time civilisation had reached a stage when capital punishment should be abolished, and Prof. Mordan's suggestion of making the punishment vary with the motive is a good one. Death is too merciful a punishment for the man who is a danger to the whole community, whereas in many instances it is too harsh a penalty to pay. By all means let there be degrees of punishment for murderers.—*M. M., Beckenham.*

White Murder

The chief plank in the support of the gallows is that it is a deterrent, but witness the remarkable number of unfortunates now awaiting the executioner. When the jury give their decision as "guilty," with a strong recommendation for mercy, why should it be left to the Home Secretary to decide? We must not abolish capital punishment, but let us have legislation giving powers to discriminate between black and white murders.—*Black Cap, Southsea.*

A Way of Escape

The person who kills his or her betrayer in a hysteria of anguish is deserving of all consideration and mercy, but the danger lies in offering a way of escape to that large and vicious section of the community which in its lust and greed commit premeditated murder. We cannot get away from the fact that capital punishment is the greatest deterrent to murder, and we dread to think what our already depraved state of society would become by its abolition.—*L. R. V., Oldham.*

Warders' Tears

I would suggest that those who are still in favour of capital punishment should be present at the three Sunday services in prison preceding an execution. It has been my lot, unfortunately, to attend these services, and the hymns, singing, sermon and prayers are touching indeed. I even saw tears rolling down the warders' faces. What the poor murderer's feelings must be, heaven only knows. The silence in prison on the morning of an execution would go through any one. By all means punish a murderer, but in some other way.—*Sensitive, Lancs.*

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

Punished by Conscience

Capital punishment is barbaric. Nothing on earth will ever restore the victim of a murder back to life, so why take away another life? Surely that is not atonement? Sooner or later a murderer's conscience must give him greater punishment than hanging ever could.—*J. M., Glasgow.*

Responsibility Too Great

People are beginning to realise that the responsibility for taking life as a punishment for murder is too great for an earthly person. By what right does one man condemn another to die? Punish the murderer by all means—confine him to prison for the rest of his life, if you like—but who shall dare say that he must be deprived of life?—*Mrs. Hill, Cardiff.*

A Crime of Passion

Professor Mordan is right in holding that the death penalty should not be meted out to those who murder without premeditation. But it would have to be clearly established that the murderer committed the fatal act on the spur of the moment. I have heard of a case where a man, whose wife had proved unfaithful to him, waited for several years before he could get at the base seducer whom he then murdered. This was not a "crime of passion."—*Justice, Elgin.*

Cheaper to Close Down

So long as the mineowner is employing labour, he is made to pay rates on the weight of coal which he produces. As soon, however, as he sacks all his men and closes down the pit he escapes liability for any rates whatsoever. What is this but a direct incentive to those pits which are working on the border line to close down?—*C. E. L., Clapham Common.*

An Eccentric Gift

So many folk to-day seem to imagine that originality like genius is some peculiar eccentric gift bestowed on the few. They forget both can be defined in the old way as "an infinite capacity for taking pains." Those of original thought and achievement, to whom we are lasting debtors, are men and women who have arduously toiled, read widely and profoundly, and never despaired.—*R. E., Birmingham.*

When Fees Differ

The variance of doctors' fees makes one wonder that some sort of standardisation is not introduced by the General Medical Council in order to protect the public. Doctors enjoy the privilege of "naming their fee," a privilege which is very often abused. The same applies to dentists, whose charges vary as the weather. It is high time that legislation was introduced to stop this growing scandal.—*Bacillus, London.*

Nurses Badly Treated

I agree with your article on shady nursing homes, but I think that regular inspection is necessary from another point of view. In one that I know, the nurses have no sitting-room, all through the winter there have been no fires, except in the kitchen, and the matron changes about their half days and off-duty hours just as she thinks fit. Nurses and maids have to sleep in one bedroom, in order that the matron can take in more patients. Investigation is certainly needed here.—*M. W., London.*

Human Leeches

Major Crawford's article dealing with the parasites and harpies who batten on the misfortune of their fellow-beings should be studied by all people who would like to see these Shylocks' activities curbed. In the locality in which I live (the slums) there are numerous human leeches calling themselves women, who lend money at the rate of 3d. in the shilling, or 1,200 per cent. per annum. A woman of my acquaintance borrowed £1, has paid £3 10s. interest, and the debt still stands.—*T. Murphy, Middlesbrough.*

Labour Combines

Prof. Slater says that the question of relations of trade unions with the Government should be re-examined with the utmost care. Agreed. Is he also in favour of the Government taking some interest in the employers' trade unions? He cannot be ignorant of their existence. The working-man trade unionist who has become revolutionary is to be feared. The employers' trade unions when autocratic are an abomination, as witness the action of the steel-casting combine. There are faults on both sides.—*J. M. Kerrell, Glasgow.*

The Human Touch

Truly, big companies have annihilated the "humane touch" in industry, since profits seem to be the only concern, thus making co-operation only a word. Even the benefits of science have been diverted to selfish ends, as, for example, cold storage, which has enabled greedy merchants to regulate supplies, thus increasing the prices of commodities regardless of the suffering caused to the masses. The only remedy is the creation of a strong public opinion which will look upon such offenders as criminals of the worst type.—*J. Finnerty, Lemington-on-Tyne.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"SUNDAY PICTORIAL":—"He was threatened with a KNIFE by one of the men, who FIRED at him but missed."

"DERBY DAILY TELEGRAPH":—"He hit him on the side of the HEAD and on the NOSE, bruising his ARM."

"NEWS OF THE WORLD":—"Putting one EYE to the small round hole in the door, he LISTENED in amazement."

"NEWCASTLE CHRONICLE":—"She was probably talking to her AUNT about it at that moment, chiding her PARENT for her uncharity."

"HULL AND LINCOLNSHIRE TIMES":—"The accused was REWARDED until Monday."

"LADY'S COMPANION":—"In the meantime ROLL OUT or GRIND UP the SOUP PACKET."

"ABERDEEN EVENING EXPRESS":—"Her VEIL was of ORANGE BLOSSOM."

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Motoring for the Million

Tar and the Car

by MOTOMAC

THIS is the time of the year when our local authorities devote all their attention in the public services, to messing up our roads.

Now we know, of course, that tar-spraying is good for road surfaces and drainage, but, in the hope that some of our road surveyors may see these notes, I want to suggest the process most in vogue is *flooding*, not spraying.

Less tar and more sand would have an equally beneficial effect on the roads and would save much taxpayers' money.

There can be nothing more annoying, especially when the car is brand-new, than to have the paint ruined by bits of tar-soaked grit.

The best solvent for tar is grease, and in the absence of any special preparation, a good layer of butter left on until the tar is softened will save any pitting of the enamel.

A good coating of some of the wax-cleansing preparations, such as Johnson's, is a very useful safeguard, not only against tar, but it will save the enamel from being scratched in the ordinary washing down.

THE Land's End trial provided a good many thrills for the spectators, but for sincere admiration nothing pleased more than the way the little Austin Sevens led the charge on the worst hills that our country can provide.

Hill-climbing, of course, is spectacular. Their performance then was good, but for sheer merit it will be some time before anything of its size beats the new record of over eighty-four miles per hour set up at Brooklands.

There are no helpful undulations on the track. It is sheer hard level going, and the result is a credit to car and driver. It was a sports model, of course, but in comparison the standard model is keeping its position.

The Austin Seven is maintaining the prestige of British cars in many out-of-the-way corners of the world, and the export figures are beginning to show generally that British cars, in spite of handicaps, are again receiving the appreciation they deserve.

STERN'S, LTD., the vendors of the well-known Sternol Oils, have issued a little booklet on the care of the car. It will be sent free to any motorist, not necessarily a customer, who applies to Royal London House, Finsbury Square, London, E.C.2.

The hints on trouble-finding and for drivers are marvellously compact and well tabulated. For a vest-pocket edition it contains a wealth of information, and its perusal is bound to make you interested in your car.

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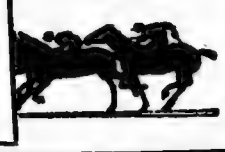

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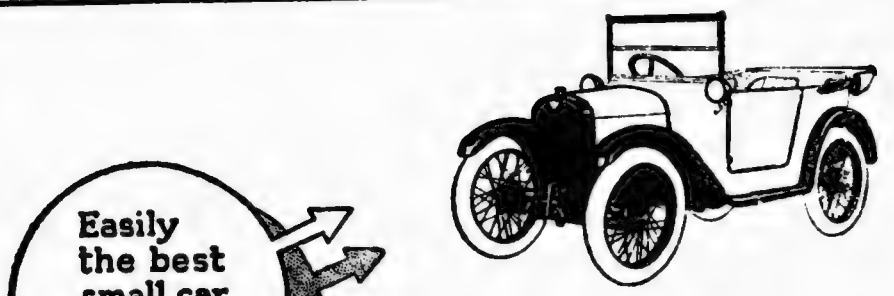

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Seeing Life on Epsom Downs

Cowardly Layers—Lady Punters—The Pencil Trick—Dale Again

FOR the sake of the Downs and the racing Carnival I could forgive Epsom anything—even Epsom salts. Thirty minutes' train journey from Victoria (even the Southern Railway falls under the magic spell of Epsom) will take you to a paradise of grassland, where you may loll and laze and study human nature in wholesale quantities.

On "City" Day.

Basking in gorgeous sunshine I spent four delightful hours on the course and in the various rings, and the things I saw and heard and noted would fill a volume.

Cowardly Layers.

First we had those Spartan stalwarts, the bookies, who had two splendid turn-ups in succession, and then commenced to moan and groan because they feared Tapin might win the City! "Sold out of Tapin!" was the cry o nearly all the front-row men, and just before the start when the French bogey was playing peep-bo over the rails four lengths behind the horses at the gate, one bookie shouted: "If Tapin wins this you'll never see us again."

Can You Beat It?

After a skinner in the City, two further turn-ups came to the rescue of those undeserving layers, and yet—would you believe it?—they nearly cried because an even-money favourite doddled the last race!

Fits and Starts.

When Tapin ran at Lincoln he got such a splendid start
That he gave the bookies quite a nasty rapping,
But at Newbury and Epsom he left punters in the cart,
For his backers got the start, all right—not Tapin!

Lady Punters.

I saw one male person tearing his hair and making oration before one of the bookies. "It's my wife," he wailed. "Backed Greek Bachelor and doesn't know what she did with the ticket. Says I needn't bother because you're sure to know about it. Oh, these women!"

An Answered Prayer.

Talking of Greek Bachelor reminds me that I saw one man take twenty-five pounds to one with a bookie, who observed fervently: "I 'ope to 'Eaven it wins, sir! Anything but Tapin!"

The Bookie's Blight.

And in the next column is the man who did the bookies a good turn after doing them so many bad ones. Stanley Wootton's telegraphic address is Bookmaker's Blight, Epsom, for he is the most feared trainer in the kingdom. When Wootton backs one of his horses the bookies shut up like oysters, no matter how large or formidable the field. He makes fewer mistakes than any trainer I know. He made no mistake about Greek Bachelor either, for the horse cost him a paltry 280 guineas when he bought it last back-end.

The Pencil Trick.

My guileless face will get me into trouble one of these days. I was standing in the ring when two men came up, one of whom asked for the loan of a pencil. I handed mine over and the man wrote an address on a card. This he gave to his companion, together with a huge wad of notes, saying: "There's your winnings. Now don't forget. Our stable is going to do the trick again in the last race but one."

Nothing Doing.

Then he trotted off, leaving his friend to carry on the good work. The latter whispered confidentially: "That man's in So-and-So's stable. I've just won a packet through him. Would you care to come in on his other good thing?" Needless to say I declined, and all things considered I count myself lucky to have received my near-gold pencil back again! The same trick was tried on a friend of mine at Lingfield last year.

The Lure of Racing.

How racing levels all. Even 'bus conductors become human under its benign influence. I was riding to the office from Victoria on top of a "General" when the conductor spotted my glasses, and wanted to know all about everything. He told me of his own triumphs at Alexandra Park, and assured me that Cross Bow would win the Derby.

Stanley Wootton, the man the bookies dread.

Dale Does It Again.

That unparalleled horse-doctor, Dale of Seaford, has performed another miracle, this time with "Father Collins." The "Father" came to Dale with a split pastern, and after treatment was sent out to win a three-mile 'chase at Bangor! I should think the case is unique in the annals of racing. If ever I buy a horse I know who my trainer will be.

Fleet Cloud and the Victoria Cup.

In due course this well-bred mare will be acclimatised, and when that day arrives she will win good races. Do not be surprised if she springs a surprise in the Victoria Cup at the expense of the presumed certainty, Purple Shade. Don't take too seriously those who prose about seven furlongs being too far for the daughter of War Cloud. Her races in France as a three-year-old were won over mile courses. Whether she goes at Hurst or elsewhere she is one to keep in mind.

Sun God II.

It is many weeks since I warned you of the coming of Sun God II. Since then he has made a very creditable debut, giving weight to his elders. The horse is one to follow and too much notice should not be taken of the class of the opposition. Fit and well the horse will win good races.

Ptolemy II.

It is now settled that Ptolemy II. will be Bob Denman's hope for the Derby, and he makes his debut for the season in the French Two Thousand, after which he goes by special train for Epsom. But don't be in a hurry to back him. It has yet to be shown that the strain of Elf in him will counteract the influence of his sire Teddy, who has never yet sired a real stayer. Ptolemy's grand-dam Elf was a great horse, and were I certain the colt had inherited a dose of Elf's stamina, I would fancy him. But wait and see what I can learn after the colt has had his race.

Rogue and Vagabond—

On Thursday, April Twenty-third,
Before a Racing Court of Law,
An interesting case was heard—
Paul Punter *v.* Greek Bachelor.

Charged as a vagabond and rogue,
The Greek denied the charge with scorn,
Though speaking with a foreign brogue,
He swore that he was British born.

The evidence was very plain,
Last year he ran in seven races,
Was fav'rite time and time again,
And only twice ran into places.

The jury, twelve good betting men,
Said: "It is proved up to the hilt, he
"Was trifling with his backers then.
Without dissent we find him guilty."

The Judge assumed a solemn air
And said: "The case is very sad.
I fear the culprit standing there
Is incorrigible and bad.

The Court this sentence promulgates.
It is decreed Defendant be
Condemned to run in Selling Plates
Till April Nineteen-thirty-three!"

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—
Sporting Life and Sportsman, Sporting Chronicle Sporting Pink, Western Mail, Glasgow Noon Record, Birmingham Mail, Irish Independent, Cork Examiner, Aberdeen Sporting Express, Bristol Times and Mirror, Sheffield Early Bird, Portsmouth Sporting Mail, Sporting Man, Birmingham Sporting Buff, Liverpool Sporting Express, Mid-day Sporting Special, Belfast Irish News, Mid-day Sporting Chronicle.

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Y H X W V E C M U F D N Z B

How to read the code:—In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line, as the case may be. D Y F O X B E would read PALMIST.

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from April 29 to May 5.

"SILVER RING."

Horses to Follow

ZOZA.—Would have beaten Heron in another stride at Epsom. One to follow on easy courses.

PANDO.—Is better than Hanging Fire if reports speak truly, and should be backed whenever he runs.

POLISH PATRIOT.—Has cost his stable a pretty penny by two expensive failures, but the money is only lent.

STATHEROS.—I watched this one in the Queen's Prize, and fancy he will win a nice mile-and-a-quarter race.

GLENOGLE.—Never miss this one when he runs in a selling-plate.

PALMIST.—Forget his Epsom failure, and follow him with confidence.

QUANDARY.—Is expected to win a minor handicap.

SUNSONG.—Bennett has a useful plater here, and the trainer is a past-master in the art of "placing 'em to win."

ZITHERN F.—Easterbee has been dead out of luck so far this season, but this one is good for a T.Y.O. selling plate at no very distant date.

GREYTWINKLE.—A dark one of Persse's, but is rumoured to be another Mumpty.

PHALAROS.—Very unlucky at Kempton. Is a first-class sprinter and will win good races.

THUNDER CLOUD.—Follow this one with every confidence.

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DAILY SETTLEMENTS

Winnings by return of Post.

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KEMPTON PARK JUBILEE.

Run Saturday, May 9, 1925. Distance—One mile and a quarter.

40 AMETHYSTINE	33 MARVEX
33 BLUE PETE	20 OBLITERATE
10 B. KNIGHT	10 PARTH
33 B. YEOMAN	12 PHAROS
33 BURGLER	10 POLYPHONTES
33 COCKPIT	10 PURPLE SHADE
40 CONUS	12 SALMON TROUT
10 CORAMOND	33 SHAMBLES
10 CONDOVER	14 TOM PINCH
10 DIOPHON	12 TAPIN
25 DONZELON	10 T. POINTER
10 D'ORSAY	10 VERDICT
40 HENRY VII	33 WATFORD
33 KARL	

THE DERBY.

Run at Epsom on May 27, 1925. Distance—One mile and a half.

50 ASKE	20 LODDINGTON
50 APPLAUSE	20 MANNA
20 BUCELLAS	33 MISS MEGAN
50 BUCHANITE	10 OOJAH
25 BRAVADO	5 PIGAROON
25 CIMMERIAN	50 PRIORY PARK
25 CONQUISTADOR	7 PTOLEMY
33 CROSS BOW	50 RUNNYMEDE
50 COMMUTER	33 SAGACITY
66 CONDE	10 SOLARIO
33 DIGNITY	14 ST. BEGAN
12 DIACQUENOD	33 ST. NAPOLEON
16 EL CACIQUE	12 SPARUS
10 GINGER IX	50 VIGOT
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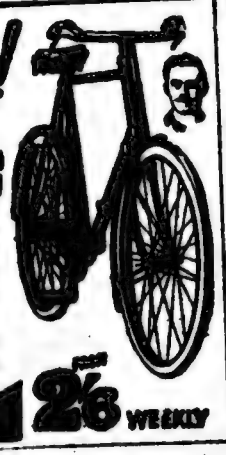

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Suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered in thirty Turkey patterns and fashionable self shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room

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THE WORLD'S LARGEST CYCLE DEALERS
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John Bull's Letter Bag

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious and he wants you to see it in this light. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note and take his leave with a smile. Serious questions are handled by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service. See note at top of last column on this page.

S. D. (Letchworth).—"Is this the right way to spell mania?" You've got it.

F. K. (Bridlington).—"When my boy hits the cat, his father hits *him*." H'm—smacks of his parent!

F. S. M. (Ealing).—"Is there anything that will tear a woman away from a hat-shop?" Yes. Another hat-shop.

MAISIE (Dulwich). — "Strap-hanging gives me a stitch in the side." When the crowd hems you in, we suppose.

"ROMEO" (Ruislip).—"To the lover life is full of promise." And to the philanderer often full of breach of promise.

"MEDICAL" (Askern).—"It is obvious what drug-taking results in." In the end, in the end.

M. C. (Bromley).—"I always think airmen look so intelligent." The result of 'plane living and high thinking, no doubt.

L. B. J. (Holloway).—"My daughter has at last persuaded me to let her have singing lessons." Then look out for squalls.

N. S. A. (Leeds).—"You must admit I display good ideas." So-so; but what's the use of a well-dressed window when there's nothing in the shop?

L. B. (Vowchurch).—"She hasn't committed herself, but I'm sure she loves me." We presume you had it from her own lips.

J. T. P. (Walsden).—"Having cooked the accounts, you can guess where the treasurer finished up." In the soup, we imagine.

P. J. G. (W.C.2).—"I leave the electric light burning all night in my shop." We hope you find the game worth the candle-power.

DONALD W. (Maynooth).—"Every one should be on the telephone." Whenever we ask for a number, we're usually told they are.

GLADYS T. (S.E.14).—"Three rich men want to marry me." You are lucky in having several purse-strings to your beaux.

P. L. E. (Dulwich).—"I always have to take my holidays in the winter." We also are more or less restricted to July or August.

D. J. (Glasgow).—"Do you prefer big or small hand-writing?" Big, infinitely. There is less to read on a sheet.

T. G. (Limerick).—"When I lost my new bowler hat, it was a bit of a blow." It was the bit of a blow that caused you to lose it, of course.

H. N. (Edinburgh).—"It's no good, my wife simply can't keep anything dark." Well, plenty of other women peroxide their hair, as well.

T. E. (Teddington).—"You know your job, I presume?" You do.

MRS. L. (Kew).—"I feel you are a neighbour though I live on the other side of the river." Do drop in soon.

LESLIE W. (York).—"Which is the best way to approach you for a loan?" In plate armour, with armed guards.

J. D. (Bath).—"I chased after the man in my pyjamas." Why did you allow him to get into them?

B. B. (Leeds).—"Just watch. Now that summer is coming you will find everything going up." Even umbrellas.

J. S. B. (Paisley).—"I have kept a threepenny bit in my possession for over twenty years now." Great Scot!

J. T. (Harrow).—"A man must pay his way alone." It's no good relying on close friends.

G. B. (Epsom).—"My wife is always sitting on me." That's right. Continue your courting through your married life.

L. H. (Worthing).—"At one time women were dressed; now they are just draped." And only just.

J. N. N. (London, S.W.).—"Gramophones are now used for teaching foreign languages in our schools." So that all scholars have to start from scratch.

I. M. (London, S.W.).—"I like pretty pictures in the house, but the walls are too small." Frame your flower-seed packets.

G. T. (Smethwick).—"A man gets a better meal in his home than outside." You mean he gets outside a better meal in his home.

MISS W. (Battersea).—"I am engaged to a man able to handle more money than he can spend." That's the tantalising part of being a bank clerk.

COMMUNIST (Wigan).—"I've been nearly killed with bursting shells." That's the worst of mob oratory. Crowds will throw eggs.

GEO. F. (Lancaster).—"How can I persuade my neighbour to keep his hens at home unless I quarrel with him?" Show him some new-laid eggs and thank him for free breakfasts.

G. M. (Newcastle).—"The first hundred pounds takes the longest to earn." Maybe, but some *Bullets* competitor is going to net a First of £1,000 in the next few days.

J. T. L. (Hornsey).—"I've a notion I can compose a popular song that will make money." Good. Now all you need are pen, ink, paper, words, music and publisher.

H. K. (Turnham Green).—"What is the plural of haggis?" In our opinion, one is enough.

G. N. (Amersham).—"Socialism is watered down to a pale pink these days." It ain't gonna reign no more.

L. T. (Oxford).—"Women are more timid than men." Ever heard of a bargain sale?

G. J. F. (Frinton).—"A judge has to have lots of patience." His is emphatically a trying job.

T. J. (Harrogate).—"Lots of skill is needed in whist." And a good deal depends on a good deal.

B. L. (Bedford).—"And what, I ask you, is the bitter price one pays?" About 4d. the half pint.

J. D. (York).—"Most cats sleep all day because they are fed too much." Plenty in the kitty means a good nap.

P. T. (St. Albans).—"I've written a song under an assumed name." It's certainly safer that way.

C. J. (Taplow).—"I travel in saucepans." What an extraordinary means of locomotion!

T. N. (London, W.).—"Forgery is a crime rightly punished with severity." Yet lots of people uttering false notes are politely applauded.

J. T. (Ponders End).—"She married a struggling young artist." An athletic best man, we suppose, soon put an end to his struggles.

B. D. (Redditch).—"The porter merely walked away when I told him I'd lost my luggage." He realised you didn't want a porter.

ESSIE (Whitstable).—"I have promised to marry him because I can't bear to see him unhappy." Then don't marry him.

A. S. B. (Manchester).—"Only the other day I saw a young man with that red stuff on his lips." Just shows you how the d—— stuff comes off.

JAMES O'C. (Liverpool).—"Star-gazing won't get a young man anywhere." No, sir! He certainly won't find things looking up.

H. N. (Clapham).—"Neurasthenia is merely a word doctors use to cover up something they know nothing about." Another word used for the same purpose is tombstone.

JOHN N. (Long Preston).—"Doctors say it isn't what we eat but what we don't keeps us alive." Briefly, if you want to reach a hundred, starve yourself to death.

Who Is It?

WHO is it runs *The Passing Show*—
The paper that just *makes* smiles grow?
Who is it? All his readers know
The Showman!

Who drives all woes and cares away?
Who strives to make the whole world gay?
Who brightens e'en the dullest day?
The Showman!

Who gives the public wondrous worth—
The brightest weekly on this earth—
A paper simply packed with mirth?
The Showman!

Who is it gathers in the best
Of stories, pictures, skits and jest,
And bids you laugh at his behest?
The Showman!

Who is it that throughout the year
Dispenses humour rich and rare?
Who is the man to banish care?
The Showman!

To please his readers is his end
And many to him tribute send.
Who's justly called "the Public's friend"?
The Showman!

"HERE comes a man of comfort, whose advice hath often stilled my brawling discontent," says one of Shakespeare's characters. JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Service is a source of comfort to all our great circle of readers.

One writes: "Allow me to express my thanks to you for the free advice I have received time after time. If only more would make use of this service there would be fewer complaints of being bitten by sharks. It is, indeed, a blessing, too, for many who cannot afford to consult a solicitor. As a disabled soldier I have found your assistance invaluable."

Whatever your difficulty, if you explain it to us and send a stamped and addressed envelope, you may be sure of receiving sound and wholesome advice.

B. A. (Dorking).—"I sent you an article on the decay of old furniture." We found it dry rot.

JIM R. (Hampstead).—"She is lovely, and a peerless actress." Even lovely actresses cannot all secure a Peer.

H. R. (Wetherby).—"I and my wife have many a wrangle over lighting the fire." We trust it always ends in a draw.

MRS. Y. (Henley).—"I did not accept my husband the first time he proposed." Perhaps you weren't present.

B. T. (Windermere).—"I am strongly tempted to lie about it." Then you'll lose your standing.

P. T. (Ashby).—"I repeat, Sir, that ginger-beer is less harmful than any vile alcoholic mixture." All right. Don't go off pop.

L. N. (Cardiff).—"I'm popular because I don't mind what people say." Or is it because you don't say what people mind?

C. T. (Crewe).—"And now, in conclusion, I must ask you to tear this letter up." Why didn't you say that at the start?

H. N. S. (Maidenhead).—"Many American films have unhappy endings." The trouble is that the endings are too far from the beginnings.

K. R. G. (Lowestoft).—"All the passengers were sick before the boat was far from shore." Wonder it didn't make the boatman heave to!

V. L. R. (Shrewsbury).—"I went out at 2 a.m. to hear a nightingale singing near my house." Quite sure it wasn't a lark you were after?

CLARA G. (Ramsgate).—"My fiancé is very, very dear to me." And we shouldn't be surprised if you're a bit expensive to him.

J. R. (Edmonton).—"I have agreed to be a sleeping partner in a firm." Mind you don't get a rude awakening later on.

MISS O. (Manchester).—"If I tell you enclosed photo won a beauty prize will you call me conceited?" Oh no, a much shorter word will suffice.

J. K. (Leatherhead).—"I sharply told her she should have seen me before she married my son." Perhaps she did, and still preferred him.

M. N. (Barrow-in-Furness).—"I've met a few conceited asses in my time." And you're acquainted with one more than you've met.

B. L. B. (Shoreditch).—"As a local preacher I want to put a stop to jazz dancing." You want to put the sin into syncopation.

M. B. (Clapham Park).—"These extreme 'red' speeches have made me give up Socialism and become a Conservative." Dear, dear, they *have* given you a turn!

A number of replies unavoidably held over.

Start that Mail Order Business of your own!

The original of the following letter, typical of many received, has been inspected by a special representative of "John Bull":

The Shaw Institute,
1, Montague St., London, W.C.1.

Dear Sirs,—After spending pounds on various Mail Order Courses, which were worthless as regards results, I tried as a last resource the Shaw Mail Order Course. Success followed, and I am now running a very successful business, which is constantly growing, and to see the Postal Orders every morning is worth all the disappointments of the past. Your personal help in every way and your sound advice enables one to get first-class assistance, which saves the beginner pounds and time in experimenting. I shall heartily recommend your Course to all who wish to be successful in Mail Order.

Yours faithfully, E. Cooling.

HERE is just one instance. A man who has for long worked at a routine job at low pay surprises his friends by moving into a better neighbourhood, taking a big house, buying a car, and generally becoming an influential citizen.

How did he do it? Simple enough. He learned the secrets of starting a mail order business of his own in spare time, after other tried methods, by obtaining a free copy of our remarkable Booklet "*By Post to Prosperity.*" If only one man had found sufficient inspiration in this booklet, to make a brilliant success, you might call it luck. But hundreds have done it.

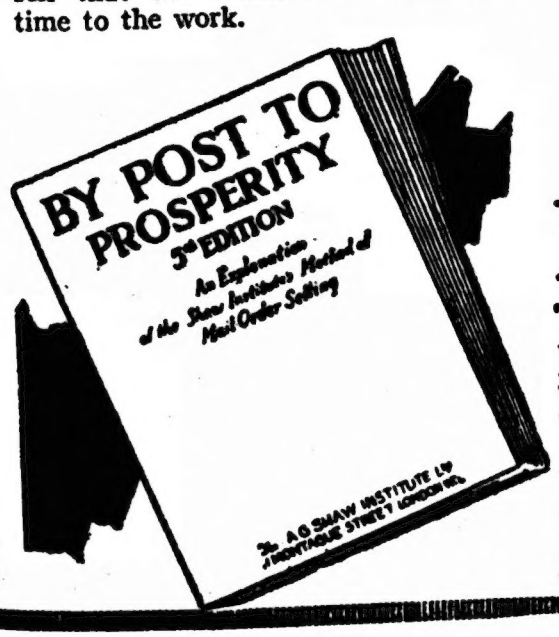
Start to Build Your Business Now! Don't admit that these men have done something which is beyond you. Are you going to confess that they possess the will to succeed, the urge to "get on," which you do not? Until you put your ability to the test, you cannot know of what "big things" you are capable. The booklet shows how to make the all-important start, in your spare time, at home, without interfering in any way with your present employment. When the time is ripe and you have satisfied yourself that the business is there, you can devote your whole time to the work.

The Shaw Institute invites you to investigate now, without obligation. Experience is not necessary, and it makes no difference in what locality you live. Your stock-in-trade need not consist of more than a small supply of goods, and a few printed letters. With but a pound or two capital, and devoting only a little of your leisure hours to the work, you may build a big and lucrative business which may eventually enable you to give up ill-paid and uncongenial employment. Goods can be purchased as the orders come along, and overhead charges are practically nil. Compare such a small expense with that of a Shop or Works, which calls for considerable capital for Stock, Staff, Machinery, Rent, etc.

Do the same as hundreds of other Shaw Students are doing to-day. It is simply a case of knowing what to do, and what NOT to do, and why. All this is explained in the free booklet.

Here is an unrivalled opportunity to get on the road that leads to success and independence. The field is practically unlimited, and the Shaw Institute contends that no matter where you live or what your position, providing you are ambitious, a scheme can be outlined to meet your special requirements.

Send NOW for your copy of "By Post to Prosperity." It costs you nothing beyond a halfpenny stamp if you tear out and send the coupon below in an unsealed envelope, yet it may mean the difference between your present position and lasting success.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1, Montague Street, London, W.C. 1.

Please send me FREE and Post Free, your brochure "By Post to Prosperity," and other literature showing how I can start a spare or wholetime business at home, and how £5 can be made the basis of independence.

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ADDRESS .....

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J.B. 2.5.25.

THE RIGHT TO STARVE

Distressed Families who Dread the Workhouse

A WRITER in a daily paper recently declared that the arrangements made in this country for dealing with poverty were so complete that, in effect, no one, however distressed their circumstances, had any right to starve.

It is easy to dictate platitudes of this kind from the depths of a comfortable arm-chair when one's nerves are soothed by the fragrance of a shilling cigar, but practical work among the poor rather leads one to the conclusion that the fumes of the weed had clouded the writer's brain.

However complete the provisions of the Poor Law may be, however admirable in principle, it is so full of shortcomings in administration that submission to its tender mercies is rightly or wrongly regarded as synonymous with degradation, and thousands of distressed families would rather starve than accept the bounty of Bumble.

THE dread of the workhouse still overshadows the lives of the poor as a last calamity to be averted at all costs. Even outdoor relief bears the taint of pauperism, and so long as they can remain free from the stigma of State or rate assistance and retain their independence these hapless souls feel that the future holds some promise for them. Once pauperised, they seem to lose heart in the struggle against adversity, and sink into the apathy of despair.

Who shall say that they have no reason for their abhorrence of the Poor Law and dread of the workhouse?

How many employers of labour will offer work to a pauper whose only address is the Poor Law Institution, City Lodge, or whatever other name is given to the workhouse.

Not one employer in a hundred would select an inmate of a workhouse if he could fill the vacancy otherwise; not one in ten thousand would regard the acceptance of rate-aided relief as a recommendation.

"THE Greatest of These—" Fund every week gives asistance to honest souls who are reduced to the point of starvation in their struggles to support themselves and escape the benumbing hand of Bumble, and we know well to what terrible straits they will allow themselves to be reduced rather than see their homes broken up and their families scattered.

A little temporary assistance enables them to bridge the gulf of despair and continue life with hope in their hearts. We earnestly beg our readers to help us in this humanitarian work.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 91, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Rev. C. Kerr, 5s.; Southend, parcel; A. Isaac, 6d.; Cheerful (Devon), 3s. 6d.; L. Osborne, £2 2s.; Berkeley (Burnley), 2s.; "G. S.," 6d.; A. Thom, 1s.; B. J. Bradbury, 5s.; Mrs. A. Goodman, 1s.; W. A. F.'s Football Nuts, 1s. 6d.; T. H. J. (Bristol), 3s.; "Anon" (Birkenhead), 3s.; H. C., 1s.; Tainworth, 1s.; Grateful Heart, 2s. 6d.; Anon, push-chair; E. B. Miffy, 4d.; "Jumping Joshua," 2s.; "A. D." (Ware), 10s.; J. H. Rogers, 1s. 6d.; Maud, parcel and 2s. 6d.; Bubbles, 3d.; M. L. (N. Lambeth), £1; J. N. S., 1s. 2d.; "Place Double" Ninth, 1s. 10d.; From Bill and Lott, 1s.; M. T. P., 2s. 6d.; "Thankful," 1s. 5d.; Every Little Helps, 2s. 6d.; Poor Woman at Offton, 1s. 3d.; "Crystal," 2s. 6d.; Betty, 1s.; Bullets Lucky Target, 1s.; L. Grinnell, 6d.; E. Rayner, 9d.; Ninth of a Bit of Luck (Aldershot), 2s. 6d.; M. C., 2s. 6d.; Ninth O. Belo, 3s.; Oncleg, 6d.; E. M. B., 1s.; A. K., 10s.; "Sond Noce" (Egypt), £1; "356," 5s.; A. T., 2s. 6d.; N. B.'s Target, 1s.; Mrs. P. Blow, 2s. 6d.; Tyldesley, 1s.; E. Purkiss, 1s.; D. & O., 3d.; F. S. B., 1s.; Mrs. Ross, 2s.; B. Peacock, 10s.; Miss C. Franklin, parcel; Mrs. M. Hickford, 5s.; D. King (Chelsea), 2s. 6d.; Loule, 2s.; Uncle, 2s. 6d.; Tommy W., 1s.; "Scots Greys," 1s. 2d.; J. N. S., 1s.; My Fourth Ninth, 4d.; Anon, 1s.; Mr. and Mrs. Hickton, 5s.; "P. A. K.," 1s. 3d.; Corstophine, £1 4s.; H. B., 6d.; "Melton Mowbray," 2s.; Birmingham, 2s. 6d.; "Shanny," 5s.; Saltash, the Target Winner, 2s. 4d.; T. F. 9th, 3s.; F. S. B., 1s.; Mrs. S. Pipe, 1s.; R. Watts, ninth, £1 10s.; G. T. Coombes, 1s.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over)

Q	U	O	T	A	■	S	I	T	■	O	Z	O	N	E
U	■	V	■	P	A	N	T	H	E	R	■	Y	■	M
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Y	E	L	L	■	S	W	I	N	E	■	E	Z	R	A
■	B	■	A	S	H	■	C	■	A	I	M	■	M	■
S	T	A	R	■	E	V	E	N	T	■	I	N	S	T
C	■	M	E	T	■	A	■	I	■	A	T	E	■	A
R	H	P	■	I	M	P	R	E	S	S	■	V	O	W
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P	I	E	R	■	A	D	D	E	R	■	F	R	A	Y
■	D	■	G	A	S	■	U	■	Y	E	T	■	V	■
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M	■	N	O	L	Y	M	P	I	C	■	S	■	A	■
E	N	D	E	D	■	S	E	T	■	E	N	T	E	R

The solution of Cross-words No. 12, which was published in our issue of April 18. The 1,000 prizes have been despatched and a list of prize-winners can be seen at this office.

"Bullets" £1 Prize-winners,

(Continued from page 33.)

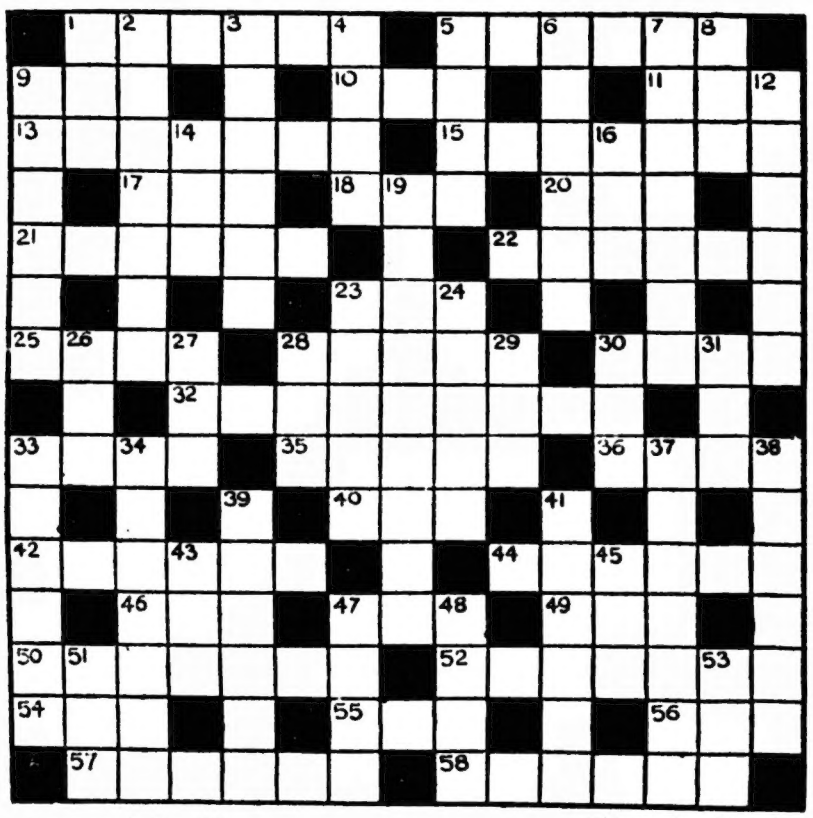
Mrs. L. Hughes, New House, Bridgeway, Cardigan; J. B. Ibbotson, 21, Franklin St., Blackburn; Miss D. Isworth, 63, Queen's Park Rise, Brighton; Miss L. Jarvis, 4, Baxter Pl., Seaton Delaval, Northl'd.; W. Jenkins, 631, Borough Rd., Prenton, Birkenhead; G. Johnson, 15, Armada St., Plymouth; T. E. Langford, 2, Osborne Terr., Market St., Cheltenham; B. Law, 65, Medlock Rd., Horbury, Yorks; S. J. Lee, 31, Halifax Terr., Treherbert, Glam.; J. Lewis, 28, Lome Rd., Northampton; W. Low, 16, Stevenson Drive, Shawlands, Glasgow; A. J. Lynch, c/o 181, Wellfield Rd., Streatham, S.W.; Mrs. McFadyen, 15, Hamilton Rd., Bellshill, N.B.; Miss C. Macnaughton 20, Birchwood Pl., Dundee; B. McManus, Marino Villa, Malahide Rd., Dublin; J. Matthews, Lenwick St., Rudgwick, Sussex; Mrs. M. Mead, 52, Sandy Park Rd., Brislington, Bristol; A. M. Meltzer, 45, Manchester St., Manchester Sq., London, W.; Miss A. Millar, 476, Brixton Rd., Brixton, London, S.W.; Miss K. Newbury, La Sarine-Fort Rd., Guernsey; A. D. Owen, 1, Highland Pl., Bridgend; D. Pagan, The Drove, Frithville, Boston, Lincs.; Mrs. A. Peters, 29, Commercial Rd., Hendon, Sunderland; W. J. Phair, 48, Hampstead Rd., London, N.W.; K. Pugh, 4, Lyttelton Rd., Aigburth, L'pool; A. Rawson, 16, Tunstall Rd., Dewsbury Rd., Leeds; Miss M. Rebbeck, Red House, Fernham, nr. Faringdon, Berks; N. Reid, 10, Churchill Rd., Willesden Green, N.W.; F. E. Richardson, Pronger's Corner, Plummer's Plain, nr. Horsham; Mrs. J. Richman, Norton Terr., Haxby, York; W. Roberts, Gardens, Normal College, Bangor; Miss A. Robinson, 24, Townley St., Ramsgate; F. Rushton, Sunnyside, Balsall Common, Coventry; A. Salter, 47, Birdhurst Rise, South Croydon; G. Salter, 63, Bristol Rd., Bridgwater, Som.; G. R. Sandy, 32, New Burlington Rd., Bridlington; Mrs. M. Saunders, 3, Manor Path, Luton; Miss F. L. Searle, 23, Trinity Pl., King St., Cambridge; Miss E. M. Skyrme, c/o "Thor" Kennels, Hanney, Wantage; G. Smith, 16, Newington Terr., Craven Arms, Salop; J. J. Stansfield, 87, Scotland Rd., Nelson, Lancs.; G. F. Steer, 28, Long St., Devizes; R. Stockton, 2, Glenside, Hall St., Moston, M/c.; T. H. Symons, 3, Usk Rd., Battersea, S.W.; W. H. Taylor, 28, Slaney St., Gloucester; F. Tibbetts, 60, Broad Green, Wellingborough; C. W. Thomas, c/o Mrs. Wyatt, Sherford, Taunton; Mrs. G. E. Thorp, 58, Mornington Rd., Leytonstone, E.; Miss A. L. Towler, 69, Palace Rd., Norwood, S.E.; J. Valentine, Haslemere, South Rd., Fraserburgh, N.B.; W. Ward, Cole-Orton, Leicester; G. E. Watson, 173, Clarendon Rd., Whalley Range, M/c.; J. Watts, Thame, Oxon.; T. Williams, 25, Viewmont Drive, Maryhill, Glasgow; J. Whittaker, 123, Henderson Rd., Portsmouth; J. A. Woolfenden, 125, Broadfield Rd., Moss Side, M/c.

List of Five-Shilling Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 558 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete list of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES. Cheques for £10, £3 and £2 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the first three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 561 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

Our Crossword Corner

Another Chance for you



Cross-words No. 14 Closing date May 6.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Another Thousand Prizes This Week!

ONE THOUSAND prizes will be awarded to the senders of the first thousand correct solutions opened by the Editor. Entries must be received by May 6. To ensure absolute fairness no solutions will be opened until after the closing date.

THIS is the season of the year when we pack up some sand-wiches and take a walk into the country. When tired, we sit down under a tree and rest. At such a time a little mental exercise is welcome. We can then take JOHN BULL out of our pocket and work out the solution of the Cross-word Puzzle with real enjoyment.

CLUES.

ACROSS		DOWN.	
1. Costly indulgence.	33. Modern female.	1. Prevarication.	26. Girl's name.
5. Straightforward.	35. Balance.	2. Not prepared.	27. Secret observer.
9. Wickedness.	36. Sharpery.	3. Overturns.	28. Chance (old-fashioned)
10. For chopping.	40. Rear of ship.	4. American University.	29. Water solidified.
11. Possesses.	42. Skipper.	5. Plant.	30. Wield.
13. A careful reading.	44. Infuriate.	6. Definite quantity.	31. Total.
15. Small remainder.	46. Friend.	7. Smash to pieces.	33. Mourn.
17. Before.	47. Furtive.	8. Convert into leather.	34. Altercation.
18. Reflux.	49. South American port.	9. Convulsive movements.	37. Confirm.
20. Wager.	50. Sustain by food.	12. Raging.	38. Fastened.
21. Sparse.	52. Perceive.	14. A vessel.	39. Mementoes.
22. Metal alloy.	51. Small bird.	16. Novel.	41. Member of Indian sect.
23. Cry of rook.	55. Useful liquid.	19. Delightful to the eye.	43. Blue-jacket.
25. Speaks.	56. Dismal.	23. Beverage.	45. Expire.
28. Beautiful woman.	57. Something learned.	24. Human joint.	47. Part of body.
30. Supplicate.			48. For carrying pails.
32. Business-like.	58. A number.		51. Unctuous fluid.
			53. Vehicle.

Fill in the puzzle squares, write your name and address in the space provided, cut out the whole, and post to Cross-words No. 14, P.O. Box 200, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Cross-word solutions must not be enclosed with "Bullets" coupons.

Another Fine Cross-word Puzzle in "The People" on Sunday.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked —in the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

TESTED JB

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
Proprietors of "JOHN BULL."

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 558.

FIRST PRIZE OF £300:
Miss LANDER, 85, St. Michael's Road, Aldershot.
Example:—His Downfall
Bullet:—"Cup" That's Never "Final."

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:
Mr. J. NORRY, 12, Cable Street, New Cross, Manchester.
Example:—Leads To Trouble
Bullet:—That "Neglected Cut" Frequently.

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:
Mr. F. J. FLECK, Woodfield, Warwick Road, Bexhill.
Example:—Homes For Heroes
Bullet:—"Erect" Before Heroes "Bent!"

2 "Easter Eggs" of £25 each:
Mr. O. HASLAM, 40, Peart street, Burnley.
Example:—Lady Policeman
Bullet:—Whistled After—Not For.

Mrs. G. CORRIN, 32, Kinsale Road Peckham Rye, S.E.
Example:—Why They Quarrelled
Bullet:—Her "Query Programme" Nightly.

4 "Easter Eggs" of £15 each:
Mr. A. J. Marriage, 51, Gordon Road, Southend-on-Sea.
Example:—Game Of Life
Bullet:—Cripples Can Play That.

Mr. M. Howells, 38, Barn Street, Haverfordwest.
Example:—Leads To Trouble
Bullet:—Industrial Army's "Foreign Legion."

Mr. L. Pentreath, The Stores, Mouse Hole, Penzance
Example:—Sold Again
Bullet:—By Instalments, Unemployed's Furniture.

Mrs. I. Storr, 91, West Road, Westcliff-on-Sea.
Example:—On A Postcard
Bullet:—No Wonder Stamp "Blushes."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

20 "Easter Eggs" of £10 each:
M. Ashworth, Parsonage Street, Dursley, Glos.
Sold Again—Easily—If Labelled "Sold."

A. T. Clark, 163, Lothair Road, Harringay, N.
His Downfall—Tried Missing "Bottom Rung."

Miss A. Corkindale, 7, Railway Terr., Netherton, Maryport.
Her Birthday—Mother Mentions Day After.

H. Cornforth (staff), Baldslow Pl., Baldslow, St. Leonards.
Trying To Please—Maid, Burglar Took Silver.

Mrs. M. Crosby, 9, The Crescent, Belmont, Surrey.
Worth Fighting For—Wife Once; Husband Now.

G. Greaves, 41, Quebec Rd., Tilbury Docks.
His Downfall—"Step Inside!"—There Was.

A. Hay, c/o Crighton, 193, Rosemount Pl., Aberdeen.
One Of The Best—Fire-extinguishers, Landlady's Coals.

W. Holmes, 60, Beckside Rd., Lidget Green, Bradford.
Wonderful Time—After Guide-book Lost.

C. J. Hunt, 29, Constitution Hill, Clifton, Bristol.
Without Wings—They're Nicer To Cuddle.

H. G. L. Leverton, 127, Laughton Rd., Dinnington, Rotherham.
Why They Quarrelled—Honeymooning—He Admired Scenery.

O. Llewelyn, Defach, Henllan, S. Wales.
Clerk Of The Weather—Evidently Sympathised With Bridegroom.

C. A. McIntyre, 8, Joppa Gardens, Portobello, N.B.
Clerk Of The Weather—Writes "High Class" Fiction.

L. Marsh, 6, Leigh Rd., Highbury, London, N.
New Assistant—Deleted "Truthful" From Reference.

F. Mawson, 32, Lowthorpe St., Moss Side, Manchester.
Sold Again—Trousers Padded—Ears Boxed.

W. Moore, High St., Gislingham, Eye, Suffolk.
For Her—Hand-bag, Lifeboat Put Back.

S. Morgan, Florenceville, Lake Glen, Anderson's Town, Belfast.
What The Chemist Said—"Eat More *Curipe* Fruit."

Mrs. F. Renwick, 46, Castlegate, Berwick-on-Tweed.
His Downfall—Two Eyes, One Evening.

W. Towlson, Junr., 45, Monk St., Blue Bell Hill Rd., Nottingham.
For Her—Young Brother, Training Mine.

S. G. Stiles, Cobham, Gravesend.
Lady Policeman—Blew Whistle—Motorist, Kiss.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

I. S. White, 13, Ridley St., Leicester.
For Her—Hubby Thoughtfully Inverted Headphones.

100 Prize-winners of £1:

T. Allen, 7, Highfield Rd., Nuneaton; J. W. Alsbury, 5, Tweenbrook Av., Gloucester; P. L. Angus, Windhouse, Law Lane, Lerwick, N.B.; A. Atkinson, 45, East St., Sittingbourne; G. Barclay, 45, Tennyson Drive, Parkhead, Glasgow; G. E. Beech, 12, Moor End Rd., Walkley, Sheffield; H. Belcher, 28, County Rd., Swindon; E. J. Bennett, 18, Stoneby Drive, New Brighton; C. Blagg, 16, River St., Stockport; Mrs. Blennerhassett, 26, Shortcourse, Waterford; H. T. Bloe, 45, Grosvenor Rd., Aldershot; N. Booth, 42, St. Paul St., Islington, N.; Mrs. E. Boyd, Northern Bank House, Armoy, Co. Antrim; F. Bridle, 10, St. Andrews Rd., Northbourne, Didcot; Miss E. Bryce, 10, Church Rd., Harrington, Cumb'd.; A. Buckley, 53, Sunnydene, Sutton Estate, Alum Rock, B'ham.; S. Burt, West St., Wroxall, I.O.W.; J. Butterworth, 182, Milnrow Rd., Rochdale; A. J. Cardenas, 5A, Gt. Tower St., London, E.C.; L. N. Carter, 12, Church St., Liverpool; L. Casey, 24, Wilson St., Worcester; W. Cavender, 25, Oat St., Padiham; F. T. Clare, 123, Upton Park Rd., Forest Gate, E.; Mrs. L. Cox, Skelwith Fold, Ambleside, Lancs.; C. E. Crago, 5, Devonshire Villas, Plymouth; S. Cummins, 18, Old Rd., Blackley, M/c.; W. R. Davis, 15, St. James, Shaftesbury, Dorset; W. Dee, 232, Abingdon Rd., Oxford; A. Farrell, 3, Dayton Grove, Peckham, London, S.E.; J. T. Farries, 45, Bedford Rd., Rock Ferry, Ches.; J. Farquhar, 22, Rae St., Larbert, N.B.; A. E. George, 16, Parkfield Grove, Leeds; F. R. Gilmour, 42, Lisburn Rd., Aigburth, Liverpool; E. Goldthorpe, Wood Nook, Gorton, 7, Lochburn Rd., Maryhill, Glasgow; Hawksworth Rd., Horsforth, Leeds; T. S. L. Greenwood, 186, Morris Green Lane, Bolton; 9, Stafford Rd., Bow, E.; G. Hart, 10, Mudges A. Hanson, 19, Fern St., Bacup; A. Harding, Terr., Gunislake, Cornwall; P. Hodges, [illegible] Downs," High Salvington, nr. Worthing; Mrs. L. Heeley, Ivy Cottage, Dore, Sheffield; H. Higgins, 37, Newcastle Av., Blackpool; A. Higgs, 10, High St., Wells, Som.; Nurse A. Hilder, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, E.C.;

(Continued in next column)

(Continued on page 34)

'BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE £1,000

2nd. Prize £250

3rd. Prize £100

10 PRIZES OF £5

100 PRIZES OF £1

10 PRIZES OF £2-10

4th. Prize £50

200 Prizes of 5/-

6,000 Target Prizes

1,000 Prizes of 2/6

5th Prize £25

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 561.

THE BUDGET
FOR THE EMPIRE
AT WEMBLEY
THANKS TO WINSTON
LOVELY WEATHER
SINS OF SOCIETY
HEARD OUTSIDE
INVENTION WE WANT
IDEAL EMPLOYER
GOOD OR BAD
ALL ALONE
WHAT HUBBY ASKED
BOTTOM RUNG
WHEN A BABY
WITHOUT ME
THOUGHTFULLY
WHY HE KISSED HER
ALL THE RAGE
CHEAP TO-DAY
BODY AND SOUL
AFTER BUSINESS
PARTNERS
WHAT WE'RE WAITING FOR
WHY HE'S POOR
CHEERFUL IDIOT
JOB FOR FATHER
HER FUTURE
WHEN PARLIAMENT'S BROADCAST
CONQUERING HERO
IF MARRIED
GREATEST TROUBLE
WHAT MRS. GRUNDY SAID
SECOND TIME
DARBY AND JOAN
SILENT WITNESS
LADY MOTORIST
CUPID'S WHISPER
ASLEEP
ROAD TO RICHES
WHAT IS A FORD?

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS" — NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the *Examples* printed; then give any **Two, Three,** or **Four Words** having some bearing on the *Example* chosen, each of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you:

Example:—In Court — *Bullet*:—Society "Sinks A Lot."
Example:—Up His Sleeve — *Bullet*:—Amateur Conjuror Forgot Which.
Example:—By Instalments — *Bullet*:—Better Putting Instalments By.

ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6D. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 561, John Bull, Long Acre, London, W.C 2

Closing Date, Thursday, May 14.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(561) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 34. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, May 14.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(561) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 34. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Closing Date, Thursday, May 14.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(561) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 34. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, May 14.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(561) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 34. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed _____
Address _____

If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 562.

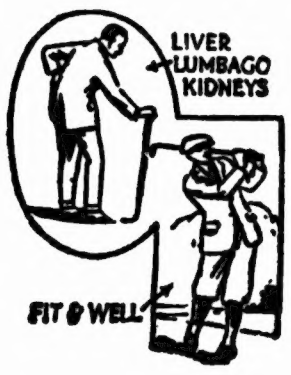
FAMILY BUDGET HAPPY MARRIAGE IN THE CLOUDS SOCIETY BABY KEEPS FATHER BUSY CLOSED UNTIL WIRELESS CAME SAVES TIME HIS FIRST THOUGHT WHAT THE LIAR SAID BEST ARGUMENT WHY HE COLLAPSED LAUGHED AT THE OTHER FELLOW LOSING SIDE EXTRAVAGANT AFTER FORTY FACT OR FICTION WITH LOVE WHAT IS A BOOKIE?

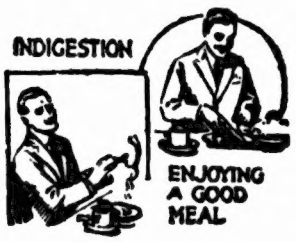
These Examples can be made use of on the Coupons on this page, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, MAY 21.** All Coupons so used **MUST** be marked clearly with the number **562** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. **562**, John Bull, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Examples for Competition No. **561.**

YEAST IS LIFE!

Irving's Yeast-Vite Tablets

A Lightning Pick-me-up.





THE greatest medical discovery of the century! Pure Yeast and Vitamins—No harmful drugs. The gentle fermentation of the Yeast when in contact with the gastric juices of the stomach causes a stimulating, buoyant feeling of extreme vigour. Take a tablet or two and feel fresh and frisky in a few minutes.

IRVING'S *Yeast Vite* TABLETS will relieve:—

Headache, Neuralgia, etc.	in 5 minutes.
Indigestion, Flatulence	in 5 to 10 minutes.
Biliousness, Dizziness, Depression	in 10 to 15 minutes.
Disordered Stomach, Liver, etc.	in 10 to 20 minutes.
Influenza Cold. Fever	in 24 hours.

OUR GUARANTEE Obtain a 1/3 box from your Chemist. If your health does not improve perceptibly, post us the empty box and we will refund your money immediately.

£100 Cash will be paid to anyone proving that the following extracts from unsolicited testimonials are not genuine. We have received over 25,000 letters from satisfied users in 15 months which are open to inspection.

CAUTION—Avoid rank imitations which have no therapeutic value and are unstamped. All genuine Irving's Yeast-Vite Tablets are always sealed with Government stamps.

17013—Dr. N. writes: "I am prescribing the tablets regularly. Please send a box to my brother (invoice to me), as I want him to take the treatment."
18224—Dr. P.: "I find the tablets an excellent tonic and would thank you for a further supply to distribute among my patients."
25333—I thought you might be interested in results of my tests. Two influenza cases quickly cured. Tem. 104 brought to normal in 12 hours. Several headache patients—pain disappeared almost instantly.
25334—I have suffered for years with anæmia, nerves and terrible coughs. Thanks to Yeast-Vite this is the first winter for years that I have not been laid up. I am afraid to be without them.
25338—For 18 years I have suffered terribly with my head and had to give up work. On recommendation I tried Yeast-Vite and am now back at work and never felt better.
22741—I shall feel eternally grateful to you for enabling me to regain my health and I shall never be without Yeast-Vite in the house. I recommended them to six friends last week.
21087—Thanks for your confidential medical advice. The boils have now entirely disappeared.
22103—F—— Tuberculosis Dispensary: Kindly send a further supply. I have tried Yeast-Vite amongst certain of my patients, and in several cases they proved quite beneficial. I have great faith in their possibilities.
20041—I do not know what I would do without the tablets, and I live in fear of running short of them as my complaint, diabetes, asserts itself as soon as I stop taking them.
20574—I heartily endorse all your claims. Yeast-Vite tablets are marvellous! I can now eat cheese, pickles, pastry or anything I fancy, and am enjoying relief from dietetic slavery.
22373—Nurse A. L.: I was ready to go into hospital for gastric ulcer. The pain nearly drove me mad. Medicine made it worse, but Yeast-Vite stopped the pain in less than 10 minutes! They are perfectly wonderful. I recommend them to everybody!
21111—Whilst at the nursing home I had to take what Dr. B. prescribed. I suffered terribly with my head, and I felt miserable without my Yeast-Vites, but I induced a friend to get me a box, and next morning I was much brighter and myself again. The sisters noticed it, and the matron remarked, "What a change, Mrs. F.; you are looking wonderfully well, to-day. Good old Dr. B." But I said to myself, "Good old Yeast-Vite!"
21113—A matron of the Girls' Training Homes: I have found the tablets efficacious. I have also tested them thoroughly myself, and have been surprised to prove them to be such a real "lightning pick-me-up." I shall always have them by me in future.
20643—I have suffered from indigestion for eight years. The pain at times almost killed me, and I could not eat, sleep, or do anything. After taking only four tablets the pains disappeared, and I have had no discomfort since.
22164—I am already feeling the benefit of Yeast-Vite although there is still some sugar; but I am not so fatigued, and the muscular rheumatism has gone entirely. I am resting better at night.
21082—Mother was so run down, nervous and depressed following the death of father, and an attack of influenza left her in a collapsed state with neuralgia. The effect of the very first box of Yeast-Vite was simply marvellous.
22024—I am now entirely free from boils, the first time in two years.
22097—I am suffering from diabetes, and have been doctoring without relief until I tried Yeast-Vite. I have had only one box and already feel a new woman.
21834—I was miserable, irritable and nervous, but thanks to Yeast-Vite I am better in every way. Please publish this and let the public know how much good they have done me.
19997—I have suffered with stomach trouble for years, but thanks to Yeast-Vite I am entirely cured. I have recommended them to many friends, and they all speak highly of them.
21007—Suffering with nerves and general run-down conditions. I tried lots of medicines without relief. I tried Yeast-Vite, and can assure you that I feel 100 per cent. better.
19387—Leading London Hospital (Secretary): After a careful test we find Yeast-Vite as claimed and very satisfactory. We are now quite willing to purchase supplies.
12666—Diocesan for Befriending Girls: I am using them for my girls with great success. One very delicate girl gained 4 lb. in one week. I find them an excellent tonic.
1723—Am pleased to say that three of my friends have benefited as much as I, since I recommended them.
13501—Rev. J. P.: I was led by a fellow sufferer to try them, and have received considerable benefit.
1001—I think them splendid and will certainly recommend them to all I know.
17500—I noticed a great change. My spirits brightened and I seemed to walk on air.
11000—Please send six boxes. They did me so much good I wish to distribute among my friends.
14721—I have recommended them to several patients and would thank you to send a box to each name on list enclosed.
16413—Am pleased to let you know that several of my patients have secured benefit from them.
10866—I had to borrow some from friends, our chemist being closed. I cannot be without them.
11030—Send by return post, as I cannot be without them. I suffer so with indigestion, and they relieve me immediately.
14421—A District Nurse writes: "I find the tablets all you claim, and am recommending them heartily in this district."
918—I am thankful to say that I am so much better I do not require the Insulin Treatment for Diabetes.
14777—The effect on me has been simply wonderful, both physical and mental.
10792—My sister is so limp without them. I will be thankful to see the tablets arrive.
10706—They have increased my son's weight 8 lb. and improved his nervous system generally.
987—Such a splendid tonic. I shall recommend them on account of the great improvement in my health.
13781—For bilious headache they cannot be excelled. The only efficient remedy I have ever found.
10000—Please send by return of post, as I am afraid my sister will go back in health if she has to miss taking them.
10866—We develop colds so quickly that the tablets are the only cure we have found.
1123—I am a hospital trained nurse, very anæmic. The tablets have done me a lot of good and improved me some pounds already.
10030—Send by return post as I cannot be without them. I suffer so much with indigestion that they relieve me immediately.
17413—I have spent a small "fortune" on "cures" for my indigestion, biliousness, bad breath and pimples, but after a week's treatment I am already feeling a different man.
1737—I have suffered for years with severe indigestion. Yeast-Vite is the only thing that has ever given me relief.
15672—Being full of wind, heartburn, and acidity, I often had to vomit. I now enjoy my food and it itself. No words of mine can adequately explain the merits of Yeast-Vite.

FREE TREATISE Send postcard for free treatise on Diabetes, Anæmia, Nerves, Skin Blemishes, Constipation, Colds, Insomnia, Rheumatism, Pains, etc. Mention "John Bull."

TESTED JB

IRVING'S YEAST-VITE LABORATORIES

29, Red Lion Street, Clerkenwell, London, E.C.1.

Printed and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS LTD., Long Acre, London, W.C. 2, England. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Post Free all over the World. 18s. per annum. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Agencies for the Colonies: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd., Australia and New Zealand. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole Agents for Canada: Imperial News Co., Ltd., 14, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C. 4, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg and Vancouver. For America: American News Co. Ltd. Also on sale at W. H. Smith & Son's Bookshops, at 75, Marché-aux-Herbes, Bruxelles, and 248, Rue de Rivoli, Paris.